The Beaver

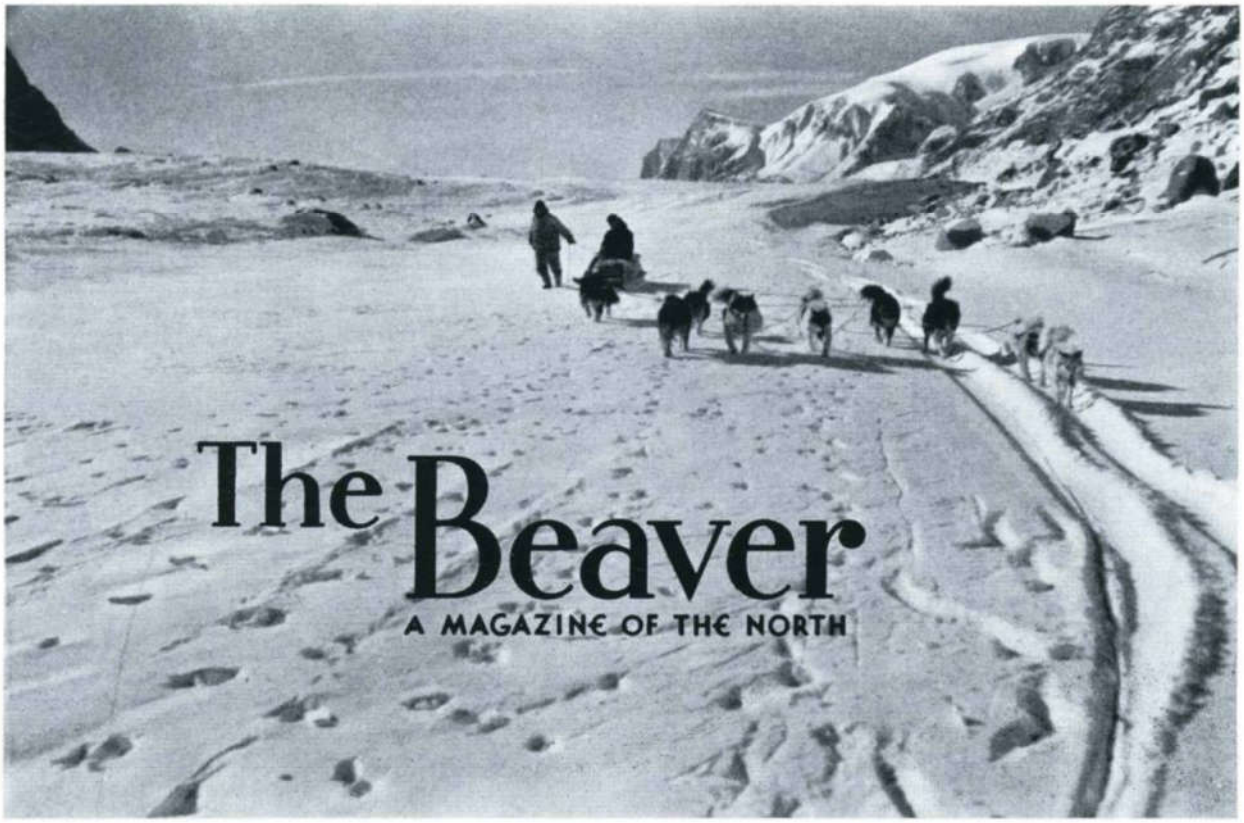
A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 OUTFIT 274 MARCH 1944

The Cooling Stream

". . . But sure I think I'd like to drink
With him that wears a hood."

Charles G. Nickels



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Over the hump to Padlukvik — Norman Ross

OUTFIT 274 — MARCH 1944

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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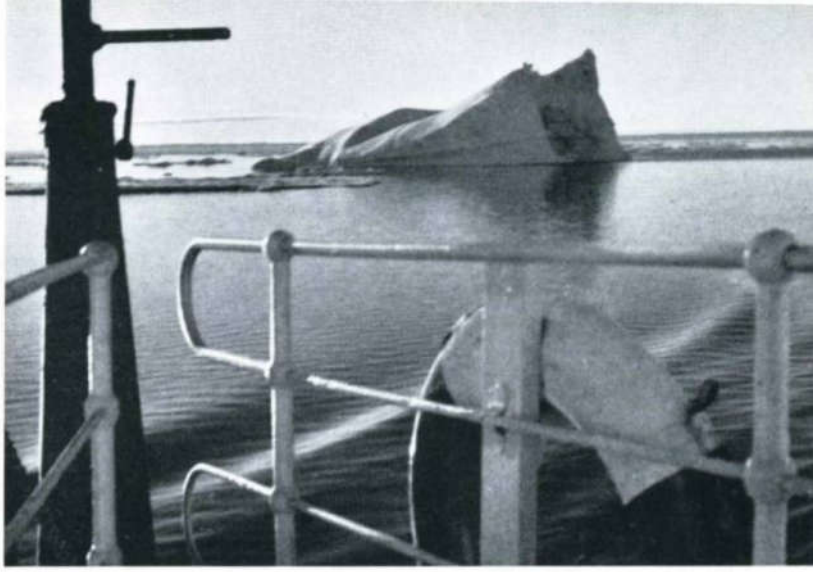
The Battle of FORT ROSS

by J. Lewis Robinson

Photos by J. W. Anderson

An eye witness tells of the "Nascopie's" valiant attempt last fall to reach Fort Ross.



"She steamed along through open water."

ON an afternoon in mid-September last year, the stout little ice breaker *Nascopie* was heading southward down Prince Regent Inlet, bound for Fort Ross. That morning she had passed through the first large field of pan ice encountered on her 1943 voyage; but now she steamed along with rhythmically throbbing engines through open water as smooth as glass. During the full afternoon not a wave or swell marred the polished blue surface. Only behind us in the wake of the ship did the reflection of the soft, puffy, cumulus clouds dance and shimmer.

As we drew nearer to the Somerset Island coast to the west, and continued along it, all on board ship were in a happy mood. Since the boat left Montreal the big question in everyone's mind was whether we would reach Fort Ross this year. The year before, for the first time, the *Nascopie* had not been able to break her way through the ice to the post, and had had to turn back without bringing the annual supplies to the tiny settlement.

Our preparations to land the next day were premature, however. Towards evening we again met more scattered ice. Soon the masses were packed closer together and open water became less and less. Finally there was no open water ahead—nothing but a mass of broken blocks of ice, jammed together and wedged one over the other. The *Nascopie* smashed and shoved her way through the floes. If the blocks did not split when struck by the steel prow, the curved bow of the ship rode up over the ice and our weight splintered a path.

About 9.30 in the evening we crashed into a large ice block about four feet thick, ran up on top of it, and stayed there. The solid mass was too much to break through. The ship then backed up and came head on into the block again. This time we again slid up on it, and then, with a loud cracking and snapping, broke down through it and stopped. The captain then decided that we had gone far enough for that day and the engines were stopped.

About 6.30 the following morning the engines again started. The temperature was 28 degrees above and new ice about one inch thick had formed in the cracks between the ice blocks. After reversing the engines the ship moved forward a distance of its own length and smashed into the solid field of ice, which stretched ahead to the horizon. We travelled about fifty yards, but were stopped again as the bow slid up on a sheet of ice which would not break. Again the ship reversed, and again we rammed into the ice blocks. Three more attempts added a grand total of fifty yards to our "mileage" of the day. At that rate Fort Ross looked very far away.

The captain then manoeuvred the ship into a side opening and swung her around so as to face northward. The engines stopped and we came in for breakfast, all speculating on the fact that the captain must have decided that we could not reach Fort Ross again this year and was heading out before we were frozen in ourselves. Although we had come 2300 miles from Churchill and were only forty miles from Fort Ross, the unpredictable Arctic had thrown up a seemingly impossible barrier.

At mid-morning while we were sitting in the dining saloon puzzling out our location, the ship suddenly started to move again. When we arrived on deck a glance at the coast told us that we were again moving southward. Something even more surprising was the thrill of seeing ahead of us several leads (lanes of open water). The morning sun, ocean currents or tides had loosened the ice and several broad cracks had opened. Into this open water the ship thrust her nose and wedged forward. Sometimes we had to break through an ice barrier, but generally one lane led to another and the *Nascopie* moved at her full speed of ten knots towards Fort Ross.

At noon we had been travelling about two hours, and had passed Fury Point on Somerset Island. About twenty miles beyond lay Fort Ross. Fury Point was so named because it was here that Parry's ship, *Fury*, was wrecked in 1824 in a futile search for the illusive Northwest Passage. Few ships had safely sailed down Prince Regent Inlet, and it remained for the modern *Nascopie* to be the first one to go in and out in the same season. This was accomplished only recently when Fort Ross was established in 1937.

After lunch we came out on deck to find that the open areas had terminated and the ship was breaking a path through solid masses of ice. We punched forward until three in the afternoon before being stopped. For two hours the steel nose sliced into a softened ice block, splitting it apart and opening a route ahead. The narrow bow of the ship wedged itself into the opening and widened it as we moved forward. And then the next block was split. Thus we continued for several slow miles until the sheer mass of ice would no longer give way and we were again ice-bound. To the southwest we could see the opening in the coast which was Bellot Strait, the narrow body of water sepa-

rating Somerset Island from the mainland of Boothia Peninsula.

We awoke on the morning of September 18 to find a heavy cloudy sky above and a temperature of ten degrees of frost. We were disappointed to find a wind blowing from the north, bringing in more ice, instead of from the south as we had hoped, to break up the pack. After breakfast the engines again started and the passengers came out on deck to watch the performance. After three attempts we had cleared enough space to gather a little speed to crash into the ice. At the end of seven smashes, however, we had progressed only a hundred yards. The ice blocks were five to six feet thick, with new ice about two inches thick formed in the cracks between the masses. Whereas in the previous day we could push the blocks aside into open water, there were now no open areas into which to shove the ice. The ship was simply breaking it into smaller pieces which bobbed to the top when we backed up, and still impeded our movement.

For an hour the ship plunged into the ice. Fourteen times we reversed and came grinding, crashing, pushing forward. Sometimes we made ten yards, but usually less. The youthful enthusiasts on the bow maintained a lively football account of our progress. But at the end of fourteen "bucks into the line" we had made only about two hundred yards and the "touchdown line" was still far away. The tough *Nascopie* seemed to be taking the pounding without damage. She was losing paint from her hull as the ice blocks scraped under her, but otherwise she was plunging ahead like an all-American fullback.

Our ice-breaking activities for that day were then terminated. During the night and day we had drifted somewhat southward with the current and were almost directly opposite the eastern entrance to Bellot Strait. We were fortunate in having an icy marker to note our progress. A large iceberg had somehow drifted southward in the inlet and had become grounded off the entrance to the strait. It rose above the jumbled pack-ice and could be seen for many miles, indicating how much we were drifting*. Since the current along the west side of Prince Regent Inlet moves southward, we realized that the longer we drifted the greater amount of ice would be piled in behind us. The question uppermost in our minds began to change from "Will we reach Fort Ross?" to "Can we make our way back out of the inlet?"

The temperature remained around 26 degrees most of the day, and with the engines stopped, it turned rather chilly inside the ship. The *Nascopie's* steel sides made her an excellent ice-breaker, but packed in ice they turned her into a veritable refrigerator. In the evenings the water had to be drained from the washroom pipes to prevent freezing.

The bow of the "Nascopie" cracks the ice.

Playing ball on the ice. On the horizon is the iceberg landmark.

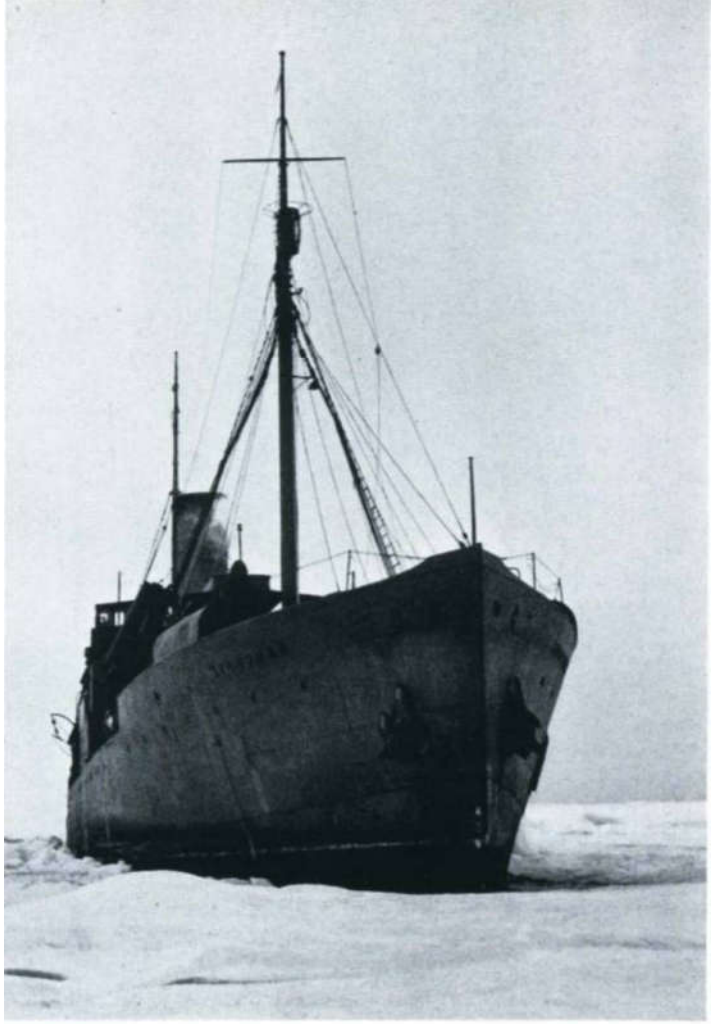
Sunday morning we assembled on the bow to watch our daily performance with the ice pack. After five slow crunching advances and retreats the ship had progressed only half her length and rested her curved steel prow on a large flat ice block. It was apparent that it was a hopeless task and a waste of coal to smash through when a storm or a strong wind would break up the pack and give us a lead. Thus, strangely enough, amid the icy emptiness of the bleak Arctic, where storms were the fear of all navigators, about sixty men and two women prayed for a storm.

Later in the morning, the captain allowed a ladder to be lowered over the side of the ship, and several of us enjoyed the new experience of walking gingerly around on the pack ice about four hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. Actually there was little danger, for the ice on which we were treading was six to eight feet thick and covered with several inches of snow.

In the afternoon four of us felt the urge for some exercise after being ship-bound for several days. We discovered a softball on board and climbed down to the ice to play catch on the large, fairly level block in front of the ship. We had a real workout slipping and sliding over the icy hummocks after the ball. Before long we had seven people out with us, and the natural thing to do was to suggest a game of scrub. Thus, hundreds of miles from any permanent settlement, but with our own "bleacher gang" at the rail of the ship above, we enjoyed what could be recorded as the most northern softball game ever played in Canada. The temperature stood at 28 degrees. The "playing field" was anything but level. The ball bounced crazily on the rough ice, and plopped dead in the snow. Our "bat" was a two by two board which one of the deck hands had obligingly hacked into shape. Everyone batted left-handed so that the ball would not be hit into any of the small open cracks near the ship.

Toward evening, when the sun, which was always low in the horizon, had swung around to the northwest, we were surprised to hear the engines start turning over. Ahead of us, out of nowhere, had appeared several leads of dark open water, zig-zagging like bolts of black lightning across the white snow. Perhaps the

*This berg also served as a landmark for the rescue expedition.—Ed.



The ship stuck fast in the ice off Fort Ross.

heat of the day's sun had melted the ice, perhaps it was the movement of the current, perhaps it was the power which controls the vagaries of Arctic meteorology. Like a halfback driving for the winning touchdown, the *Nascopie* battered her way across our former playing field and slid into the narrow lane of open water. One lead was followed by others and, although we were stopped several times by the ice barriers between, each time we finally managed to break through. At the end of an hour the ship had progressed over a mile towards the shore to the northwest. However the ice was a solid mass closer to the coast and our forward plunges became shorter and shorter. Our renewed hopes meant greater disappointment. After another hour of vain thrusting at the impenetrable floes the ship stopped. About ten to twelve miles ahead of us waited the expectant Fort Ross.

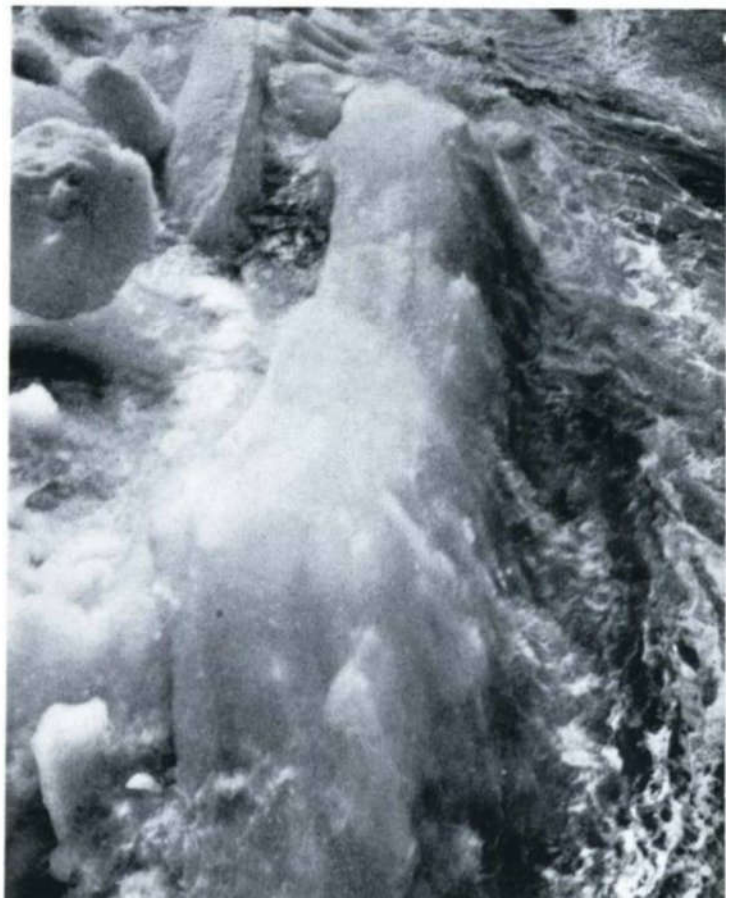
Due to wartime restrictions on radio communications from ships, at no time were we in radio contact with the people at Fort Ross, although both parties were equipped for it. We often wondered how the three people there felt about us being so close to them and yet so far away. We knew that our smoke was visible for several miles when the ship was breaking ice. We were told afterwards by the other posts which had been in communication with Fort Ross at that time that they saw us for two days before we drifted southward out of sight. How their hearts must have sunk as they prepared to begin a third year without supplies!

Monday, our fourth day of being ice-bound, was quiet and uneventful. The captain made no attempt to move during the day, although he did shift the oil drums from the forward deck aft to raise the bow higher. To many of the "grandstand quarterbacks," to whom the adventure of being frozen in for the winter did not appeal, this lack of action did not appear wise. But when one thought of the coal which was burned up in advancing one hundred yards an hour through the ice, in comparison with how far we travelled when a lead appeared, the northern experience of the captain was apparent. Captain Smellie was a veteran of twenty-three years of navigation in Arctic seas, and our fate lay in his hands and in the power of the old *Nascopie*. They had been successful partners for several years.

During the preceding night we had drifted past our iceberg marker, passing only about two hundred yards to the west of it. It was a spooky sight, looming up as a large, cold, grey mass out of the grey darkness and silently slipping out of sight into the dull emptiness around us. By the end of Monday night, this signpost, which had appeared on the far horizon when we first entered the ice, was several miles north of us. We realized that each day we drifted saw more ice packing in to the north and meant more and more to break through if we ever were to get out.

Tuesday, September 21, was the official end of summer to the outside world, but to us summer had ostensibly ended eleven days before when we had our first snowfall. The temperature during the day remained at the usual 24 to 26 degrees. During the morning the ship took her usual limbering up exercise with the ice field. Twelve disappointing attempts gained only a hundred yards through the unyielding pack, and the captain decided to save our coal. Although he was very cheerful, and said that it still was possible to make our way out, each day made those chances appear slimmer.

"The 'Nascopie' smashed into the huge ice blocks."



Captain Thomas F. Smellie, O.B.E., who brought his battle-scarred ship safely out of the icefield. Lorene Squire

As I sat down to write my diary Wednesday morning, I looked around at serious, glum faces. For on that morning, when the engines had started for our "morning refresher," nothing had happened. When the captain signalled full astern for the initial plunge, the ship did not move. For a full hour the black smoke billowed from the stack and the propellor churned the water into a briny foam. But the ice was frozen fast to the hull. It had finally happened. We were marooned. And then our six days of joking aloud, and silently wondering, about being frozen in for the winter seemed like more than just a possibility. The heart-breaking touch was the fact that only two hundred yards ahead a lead had appeared in the early morning, twisting its tantalizing path to the horizon.

However, the trite saying about "seeming darkest before the dawn" very aptly fitted our situation. Just at noon the propellor started turning again, and the the ship slowly slid backward. The rising temperature on the steel sides had melted the ice and released us. And how the *Nascopie* lunged at its former captor, smashing into the huge ice blocks eight to ten feet thick! We stood at the bow shouting words of encouragement to the ship and defiance to the ice. Being ice-bound was no longer a game.

At 1.30 we pushed the last cake of ice out of the way and entered the narrow lead. It certainly felt good to look down at foam curling up from the prow instead of seeing ice being shoved under. All eyes then watched the white horizon to discover how long our good fortune would last. The lead zig-zagged into the sky ahead like a trail twisting up to a baron's castle. Sometimes it broadened out into a lake-like channel; at other times it faded into a dead end. But Captain Smellie was not to be denied. Another channel always miraculously appeared beyond the last one. Our course shifted east and west, but always maintained a northward direction. Soon we passed far to the east of our lone companion, the iceberg, and had regained the distance of two days' drift.

For the remainder of the afternoon the *Nascopie* earned her title of ice breaker. Blocks a hundred yards across and five to eight feet thick split before her power and were pushed aside. Soon the leads became broader and broader and we neared the northern end of the ice field. Between the larger ice blocks new ice had formed to a thickness of three or four inches; the pack ice of the following winter was being born. With a crackling, swishing sound the sharp steel prow cut through the new ice as easily as a knife cutting paper. By six we were in smooth open water, with only the occasional floating ice-pan. The treacherous ice field stretched to the horizon behind us.

In the distance, to the northwest we could recognize Fury Point. This meant that Fort Ross was about thirty miles behind us. Our problem was no longer to try to reach there; it was to bring the ship out safely. With no chance to land supplies at the post, it was with sad hearts that we realized that our failure meant that the post would have to be abandoned.

The *Nascopie* had failed in her mission, but had won the fight for survival. And she will be back in the Arctic in succeeding years, continuing the struggle with the ice to serve the lonely posts of the Arctic.

Inside the big transport plane just after the rescue. L. to R.: D. W. Munro, clerk at Fort Ross; the author; W. A. Heslop; Major M. Q. Hancock, medical officer (who was to have followed Capt. Stanwell-Fletcher by parachute if he came to harm). Note the gas tanks.

ARCTIC RESCUE

by Barbara Heslop

Photos by Capt. O. D. Packard, U.S. Army

IT was in September 1940 that my husband and I arrived at Fort Ross on the *Nascopie*. We had been married in Winnipeg only a few weeks before, so that this was our first home together. We were scheduled to stay there for three years, but in 1942 the Company decided to transfer us to Pangnirtung, a more accessible post on the east side of Baffin Island.

Unfortunately that year the *Nascopie* was very late. Day after day we kept watch, but there was no sign of her—just miles and miles of open sea. But one day a strong northeast wind blew up, and overnight we found the bay jammed with a tumbled ice-pack. This worried us, because it was already late in the season and the temperature was dropping, with consequent danger of the bay freezing over solid. In view of this we were not unduly surprised when we received a radio message from Aretic Bay telling us that, although the *Nascopie* had made many attempts to get through, all efforts had proved futile and the ship was forced to turn back. Our feelings at this news can be imagined, but our food supplies were still adequate and we didn't worry too much about getting by until next year.

In March 1943, we received our mail, which the *Nascopie* had left at Aretic Bay. It was brought by Canon Turner of the Anglican Mission when he made his annual trip by dog-team to Fort Ross and Boothia Peninsula. By April, a year and a half after we had received our last supplies, Darcy Munro, the post clerk, and three natives took two dog-teams to Aretic Bay for mess supplies, ammunition, and a few other essentials for the Eskimos. This was a round trip of five hundred miles, and it was not without its hazards, as part of the journey was made on moving ice in Prince Regent Inlet. With these supplies, supplemented by other food from Canon Turner's warehouse at Fort Ross, we estimated we had sufficient to carry us through until ship time in September.

April 7 proved to be an eventful day at the post, bringing us two visitors. About six o'clock in the morning Constable L. C. DeLisle of the R.C.M.P. arrived by dog-team from Pond Inlet on the annual police patrol. Later in the day an American Army aircraft landed on the sea ice in front of the post. They brought us radio batteries and a few supplies but the crew of four stayed only about an hour. Constable DeLisle used our radio to make his report on a native murder and was ordered by his headquarters in Ottawa to wait at Fort Ross for the arrival of the *Nascopie*, when a proper trial would be held. This meant there would be four of us to share our limited food supply, and we had to plan our rations even more carefully—if that were possible.

About the middle of August 1943, we began to have doubts as to the possibility of the ship reaching us. Although the ice had broken up, it had moved very little, remaining solidly packed in all the bays and harbours. We could not even take our small boats out in the waters around the post. However, in spite of our doubts, we kept the usual close watch.

One evening in September, we sighted the *Nascopie* about fifteen miles off shore. We thought our worries were over; but it was not until later that we were to realize they were just beginning. For three days we saw her, or her smoke, on the horizon and it was evident she was having difficulty in the ice-pack. That was an anxious three days, but we didn't give up until we finally saw her heading north with black smoke belching from her funnel. This called for a conference, and after taking stock of our dwindling supplies we recognized our position was definitely not good. Our foodstuffs were low, and our meals had little variation. For some time we had been without butter, milk, coffee, fruits, and canned vegetables excepting beans. We all became very diligent hunters, always hoping to bag any wild game. Seals as a rule are plentiful at Fort Ross, but owing to the heavy ice-pack we were not able to get as many as we ordinarily would use. Seal livers are very delicious, but seal meat we found too strong for our tastes. Occasionally our day's tramp would be rewarded with an Arctic hare—a real treat.

Radio messages received from Mr. Chesshire, manager of the Fur Trade Department in Winnipeg, buoyed our spirits up. He kept us well informed as to their plans, and we knew that the Company would do all it could to get supplies to us by plane and take us out if that was possible. We realized nothing could be done during the month of October as the weather then is not good for flying because of heavy fogs. But this condition usually clears with colder weather in November. We also knew we would see the last of the sun on November 17, and the days would soon grow short.

On October 19, Const. DeLisle set out for Repulse Bay with his dog-team and such supplies as he could get from the Anglican Mission stores. When those were finished he would be forced to live off the country for the rest of his four-hundred-mile journey. (Two months later in Winnipeg we learned he had got through.)

Then Mr. Chesshire informed us that they were arranging to take us out, and bring supplies to the natives, by air. The Company had approached the Canadian Government for assistance, and the R.C.A.F. had undertaken to do the job if a machine was available. Unfortunately the only planes they had, large

Above: Col. John P. Fraim, Jr., commanding officer, U.S. Army Forces in Central Canada, was the guiding genius of the expedition. He made sure that every detail was planned as carefully as possible, and accompanied the plane on all three flights to Fort Ross.

Above: The first conference, Oct. 21, in Col. Fraim's Winnipeg office. Capt. W. H. Corwin, pilot, is answering questions. Against the window is Air Vice-Marshal Lawrence, Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Training Command, R.C.A.F., Winnipeg (see the following article). Extreme right is R. H. Chesshire manager of the Fur Trade Department, H B C.

Right: Lieut. J. D. Carroll, navigator (in cap) maps the route of the flight to Fort Ross. Sitting is Lieut. R. Gottschall, communications. The success of the expedition was largely due to the painstaking care with which the plans were made.

The bales of supplies, specially packed at Hudson's Bay House for dropping by parachute, await the plane in a hangar at Stevenson Field. Crosses mean freight for the first flight, circles for the second: black is for the natives, red for the whites.

Above: Bales for the first flight are loaded aboard the big C-47 Douglas "Skytrain" at Winnipeg. 700 pounds of mess supplies were taken for the parachutist and the three whites, and 1500 pounds for the natives.

Below: Ready to leave Winnipeg for the North on October 26. Capt. O. D. Packard, administration and recording, extreme left; Capt. H. Humphries, operations, against door; Capt. Corwin against the doorway; Col. Fraim on his left, then Capt. Stanwell-Fletcher. Capt. D. D. Duff, co-pilot, kneeling. Extreme right S/L. J. Hone, R.C.A.F. liaison officer; next to him, W. E. Brown, liaison officer for the Company.

enough for the expedition, were Liberator bombers, and none of these could be released from coastal duties.

This was a great disappointment, after all plans had been made. We soon learned, however, that the Dominion Government had asked for assistance from the U.S. Army Air Forces, and they had generously agreed to help. The R.C.A.F. on their part were willing to assist with the experience of their personnel.

Colonel John P. Fraim, Jr., of Winnipeg, commanding officer of the U.S. Army Forces in Central Canada, was placed in command of the expedition. He secured a Douglas C-47 "Skytrain," specially fitted with four additional 100-gallon fuel tanks, snow and ice tires, and skis, and provided with a picked crew, including Arctic experts. The plane was flown to a northern base, and there awaited an opportunity to make the long hop to Fort Ross.

Weather reports were sent regularly from our end, and when a favourable moment arrived, the Army fliers advised us they were taking off. This was November 1st. As luck would have it, about two hours before they were due to arrive, a strong wind caused such a thick ground-drift of loose snow they were unable to locate us. We heard that the plane had been forced to turn back, although it was within fifty miles of us.

November 4 turned out to be a perfect day for flying, and we were told over the radio that another attempt was to be made. They were to fly over the post and drop supplies by parachute. While Bill and Darcy stayed at the post to keep in radio contact with the plane, I set off for Hazard Inlet, two miles away, with a group of natives, to watch for its arrival. Hazard Inlet was chosen because there happened to be about two miles of flat ice in that place, whereas the bay immediately in front of the post was filled with rough ice and would not have done at all for the landings.

We had been informed that Captain (now Major) J. F. Stanwell-Fletcher of the U.S.A.A.F. was going to make a jump—the first one ever attempted within the Arctic Circle. There was great excitement when we sighted the plane first. When it swooped low over us, dipping its wings in salute, there was a great throwing of hats in the air and a wild cheering that cut the Arctic stillness. After watching the plane circle several

The plane was named INDAC 2, because it was the second C-47 cargo plane donated to the USAAF by the Indianapolis Athletic Club.

Below: For the second flight in search of Fort Ross, the wheels were removed and skis fitted in their place.

Below, L. to R.: Capt. Corwin, Capt. E. E. Stettler, operations base meteorologist, and Col. Fraim, study a weather map. Special weather reports were sent in from the H.B. posts at Cambridge Bay, Arctic Bay, Pond Inlet, Clyde, Pangnirtung, and Repulse Bay.

times at about seven hundred feet, we saw a tiny bundle tumble out of the plane. It quickly took shape, and finally a large yellow parachute, glistening in the sun, settled down gracefully to earth with a large case of supplies. Everyone ran for it, but almost before we reached it another followed, and then another, until seven bales and a "Gibson Girl" radio transmitter had been dropped.

Then the plane circled higher and higher to an altitude of eleven hundred feet. We watched anxiously to see what would happen next. Suddenly we saw another bundle dropping from the plane. It soon took the shape of a man, a huge white parachute carrying him to earth. This was Capt. Fletcher, who, although he may not have realized it, was receiving applause from those few natives and myself equal to that accorded a Metropolitan Opera star. He made a successful landing almost at our feet.

Capt. Fletcher, an Arctic specialist, had come to select a suitable landing place for the plane. After rolling over in the snow a couple of times, he was on his feet to greet us. This was the first jump he had ever made, and he had only one day of instruction with the Canadian parachute training school at Shilo Camp, Manitoba, as preparation. Although he said he had been scared by the drop, he gave no indication of it. He at once sent an "All's well" signal to the plane as it circled over us again. It was soon out of sight.

Then we began to collect the bales and carefully gather up the parachutes. We loaded everything on the sleds and proceeded to the post. No time was lost in getting into those bales, either. No more beans and sausage for us! Incidentally, all we had left to eat was three tins of sausage, six pounds of dried beans, twenty-four pounds of flour, and tea and sugar. In the bales we found ham, bacon, powdered eggs, milk, butter, fruit, vegetables and other items. Besides this there were essential supplies for the natives—flour, ammunition, tea and tobacco—two thousand pounds in all. So they, too, had a "banquet royal" that night. With supplies at the post running so low, they had feared that the winter would be one of great privation for them; but now they were delighted to find that the Company had furnished food and ammunition enough to last them until the summer.

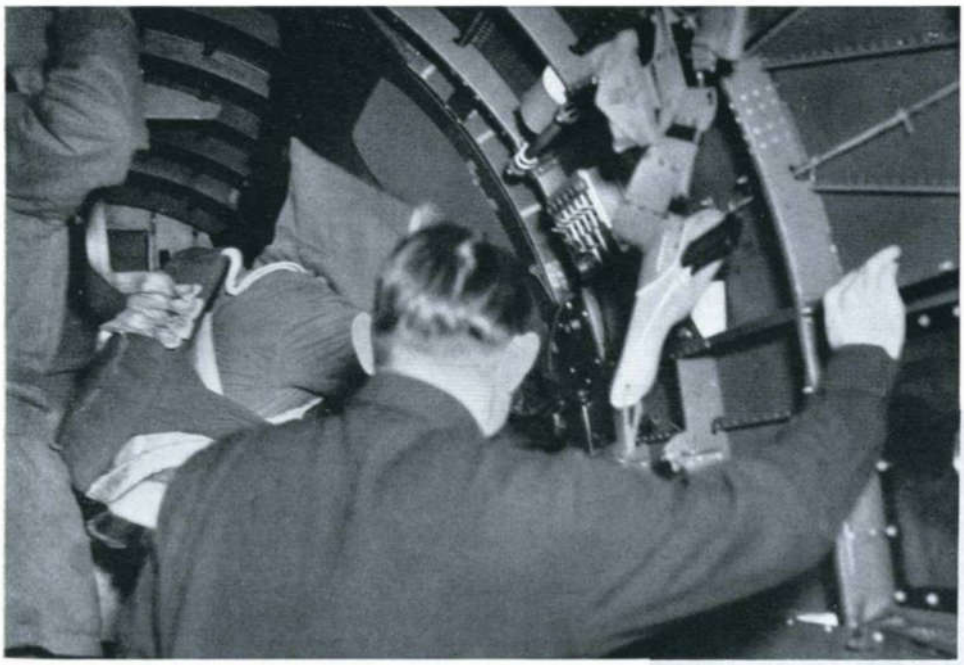
Capt. Fletcher immediately commenced searching for a suitable landing place for the giant aircraft, which was going to return for us. The sea ice proved too thin for the fifteen-ton plane, so the ice on the lakes was tested. Finally he selected a small land-locked lake about ten miles from the post where the ice was seventeen inches thick. A rough landing field, three thousand feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide, was marked out with snow blocks covered by coal sacks and levelled off by the natives. Then a radio message

Above: On the second flight, the bales marked with a cross were dropped onto Hazard Inlet. Here one for the Eskimos is pushed out by Capt. H. Humphries, operations officer (left), and Sgt. Weis, crew chief. Note the ropes to prevent their falling out.

was sent advising the rescuers that everything was ready for them.

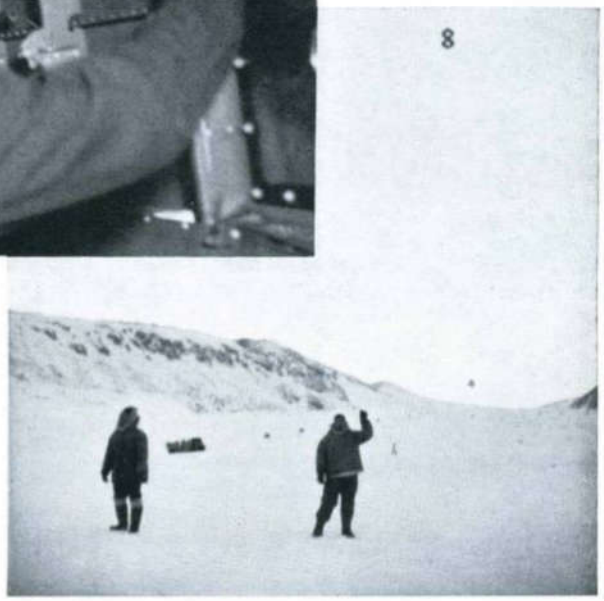
On the morning of November 7, we were informed that the plane was taking off and should reach us about noon. All our baggage was loaded on dog-sleds and we took it to the selected spot, two and a half hours journey away. I had with me Hobo, my eighty-pound husky pup, whom I planned to bring out with

Below: Some of the Fort Ross Eskimos. The costumes of the women show that this is the place where Eastern and Western Arctic meet. The short white parkis belong to the East, the long "Mother Hubbards" to the West. D. W. Munro



Left: After the bales goes Capt. J. F. Stanwell-Fletcher, on his first jump. Two others were ready to jump if he got into trouble. Col. Fraim watches in the foreground.

Below: The landing place chosen by Capt. Stanwell-Fletcher for the plane—a freshwater lake 2½ hours from the post. Capt. Stanwell-Fletcher (right) holds the antenna of the "Gibson Girl" radio, which is held up by the kite seen at the top of the picture. B. Heslop



me. Then came the anxious minutes of waiting. For half an hour we sat in a small snow house we had built at the head of the lake. Bill and Darcy were busy sending out a radio signal on the "Gibson Girl" transmitter. I'll never know who heard the plane first—perhaps we all heard it together. But soon the drone of the engine came plainly to our ears and we could see the great "Skytrain" winging towards us.

There were plenty of fog and low clouds about and the plane slipped in and out of sight. It was soon obvious the fliers could not see us. With Capt. Fletcher outside watching the plane's movements, Bill tried to guide it to the field with directions over the radio—"You're too far north. . . . . You're too far east. . . ."

Finally they saw us and the tiny lake, and began circling for the landing. Col. Fraim later said they didn't much like the appearance of the rough little landing area sandwiched between 1000-foot hills.

The plane glided in, making a perfect landing on its huge skis, and came up the runway towards us. From then on things moved quickly. There were nine men in the plane and most of them jumped out while natives helped to swing the tail around. They didn't dare allow the great machine to stand still for a moment for fear the skis would freeze to the ice.

The first blow came when they told us we couldn't bring any baggage with us. Even the freight parachutes had to be left behind, with all our personal belongings, including the films we had taken over the past two years. We brought only the faithful "Gibson Girl" and a small handbag each. Despite extra fuel tanks lashed in the cabin of the plane, we were going to need every drop of gas to get us out and every ounce of excess weight was a danger.

Supplies for the natives were quickly dumped out on the ice—ammunition, flour and staples to last them the winter. The fliers had brought parachutes to drop these supplies if a landing proved impossible. Even these were thrown out to save weight.

The three of us ran to the plane, and while it still kept in motion we clambered through the door, encumbered with our heavy fur parkis, sealskin trousers and Eskimo boots. Capt. Fletcher had lifted Hobo in, but before the door was closed it was decided his eighty pounds added too much hazard to the safety of the aircraft. I couldn't bear to look as they pushed him out onto the ice, and I don't know what happened to him.

Then we were off, racing down the runway. From landing to take-off the plane had been down hardly sixteen minutes. We cleared the low hills at the end of the runway with only feet to spare.

On the third flight, the plane comes down on the ice of the freshwater lake. The runway was badly corrugated, and both landing and take-off were extremely hazardous. B. Heslop

Arrived at the operations base, Mrs. Heslop climbs down from the rescue plane. With her is Capt. (now Major) Stanwell-Fletcher. The masking over the hinges and door handles prevented entanglement of parachute static lines.

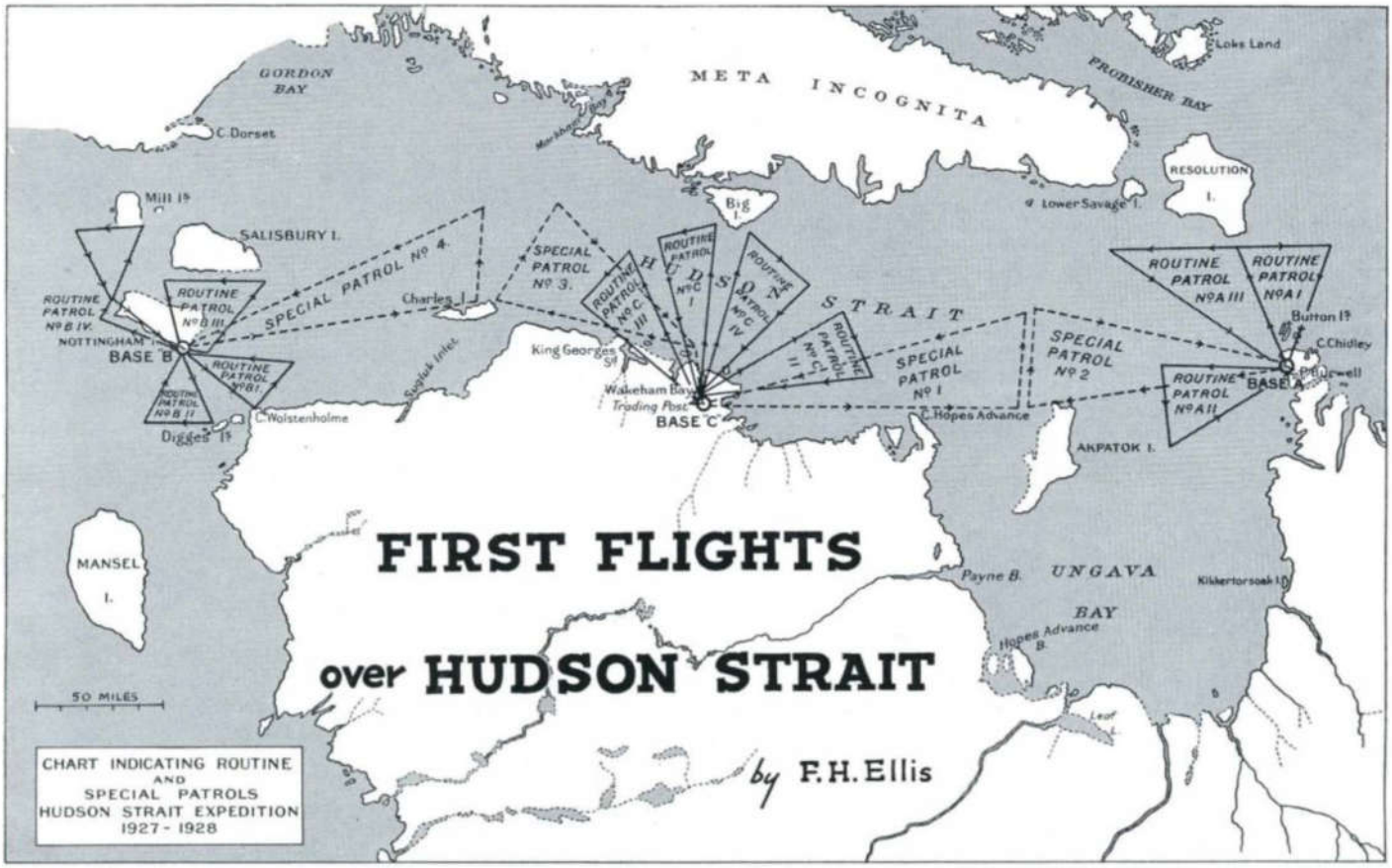
About half way to the northern base which was to be our first stop we had a little excitement. The main tanks ran out without warning. The motors of the giant plane sputtered and went dead. The seconds ticked by as we held our breath and wondered what was going to happen. But quick action by the fliers saved the day. They cut in the spare tanks, the motors sprang to life with a roar and we breathed again.

It was pitch dark when we reached the base. Low clouds made it impossible to pick up the airfield lights until we had circled several times. When we landed we had enough gas left for only ten more minutes of flying. Perhaps poor Hobo's weight made all the difference between success and failure.

At this base we were met by W. E. Brown of the Hudson's Bay Company and Squadron Leader J. Hone, liaison officer for the R.C.A.F. We remained there for three days until weather permitted us to proceed to another northern base. Again bad weather kept us grounded until November 13th, when we finally reached our goal—Stevenson Field in Winnipeg.

So ended our adventure. Many people have been stranded in the far north and many rescue expeditions have been sent out. But this one will go down in history as the first in which one of the rescuers parachuted down on to the icy wastes of the Arctic. Our gratitude to those brave men who risked their lives to bring us out can never be expressed.

Safe home at last! Mrs. Heslop with her husband (right) and Darcy Munro, on their arrival at Stevenson Field, Winnipeg. R.C.A.F.



FIRST FLIGHTS over HUDSON STRAIT

by F. H. Ellis

R.C.A.F. photos

THE mass of valuable data relating to climatic and ice conditions gathered together by the personnel of the Hudson Strait Expedition, who lived and worked in that bleak area for fifteen months, undoubtedly plays a very important part in the operation of ship and aircraft movements in that vicinity during the present conflict.

In January 1927, the Dominion Government reached the decision to complete the Hudson Bay Railway and its northern terminal on Hudson Bay, and plans were formulated to send a fully equipped aerial expedition to Hudson Strait to undertake an exhaustive study, over a period of twelve months, on the requirements necessary for the safety of ship navigation in those waters.

A three-man advisory board was established to be held responsible for the organization of the expedition up to the date of its departure from Halifax for the North. The late N. B. McLean, of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, was elected chairman, and was also entrusted with the actual leadership of the expedition. For the three proposed bases to be established in the North, the buildings were all pre-fabricated previous to being assembled at Halifax for shipment north. Two Fokker aircraft were assigned to each prospective base.

For transporting the personnel and equipment from Halifax to Hudson Strait, two ships were commissioned. One was the C.G.S. *Stanley*, an ice breaker, and the S.S. *Larch*, the larger of the two, a freighter of 3,564 tons. Under command of Captain John Hearn, the former ship sailed from Halifax on July 17, 1927, carrying the forty-four members of the expedition who were to spend the winter in the North. The *Larch*, commanded by Captain Balcom, sailed with fifty-seven men of the construction crew aboard, together with a load of 2,700 tons of coal and 2,585 tons of general cargo. On July 27 the ships reached Port Burwell at the northeast point of Ungava Bay, after bucking through heavy ice all day.

As base "A" was to be established in that vicinity, four members of the expedition went ashore at Port Burwell and talked things over with Chesley Ford, post manager for the Hudson's Bay Company (and now in charge of the post at Davis Inlet, Labrador), who immediately placed the Old Mission house at the disposal of the expedition as headquarters, until a further survey of the area for a suitable site could be undertaken. In the meantime, a small two-seater de Havilland Moth seaplane, registered G-CAHK, which had been taken along specially for aerial observation work in the selection of sites, was put overside from the ship, and two of the flying personnel—Squadron Leader T. A. Lawrence (now air vice-marshal commanding No. 2 Training Command at Winnipeg) and Flight Lieut. A. A. Leitch (now squadron leader)—made a reconnaissance flight, reporting a suitable looking spot to the south.

The following day the two ships sailed westward, setting their course across Ungava Bay to Big Island, on the northern side of the strait. Heavy weather and dense fog were encountered, and much ice reported. On August 1 they anchored off Wolstenholme, at the northeast point to the entrance of Hudson Bay. There Lawrence and Leitch went ashore to interview the Hudson's Bay post manager, Frank Melton, with regard to locating a suitable site. It was learned that the prevalent heavy winds made that spot unsuitable, and it was decided to look over Nottingham Island for possible choice, particularly after a reconnaissance

flight in the Moth showed no area remotely fitted for the job. The flights of the Moth machine were the first made in that area of Canada by any aircraft, and the interest of the Eskimos was raised to high tension.

The expedition then moved across to Nottingham Island, and after an aerial inspection on August 3 the decision was reached to establish base "B" at a spot on the southwesterly corner of that island. Unloading of materials began on the fourth. While the *Larch* was anchored off Nottingham Island, radio communication was established with Ottawa, and they received a message from the Hon. Charles Dunning, Minister of Railways and Canals (now a member of the Canadian Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company), stating that Churchill had been definitely selected as the terminus for the Hudson Bay Railway.

The permanent personnel of base "B" and construction crews were left at this point, and the ships left Nottingham Island to seek the third and final base.

The search for the third base site continued from August 18 to 23 along the northern shore of Hudson Strait. Several observation flights took place, but without success. The south coast of Baffin Island is barren and rock bound, and every care had to be exercised in the choosing of a site which could operate successfully, in spite of all the climatic conditions that country has to offer.

On the 23rd the decision was reached to recross the strait and try in the vicinity of Wakeham Bay, and the party arrived at that anchorage the following day. Mr. McLean and party went ashore to be met by the H B C post manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Watt, and also Messrs. Grassett and J. Berthe, of Revillon Frères. It was quickly learned that the place offered a pretty good site for the work in view, and as a flight in the Moth showed nothing as good anywhere in the vicinity, the work of unloading began at once. Before dusk construction of base "C" had begun by the putting ashore of two tractors, together with a derrick and other material.

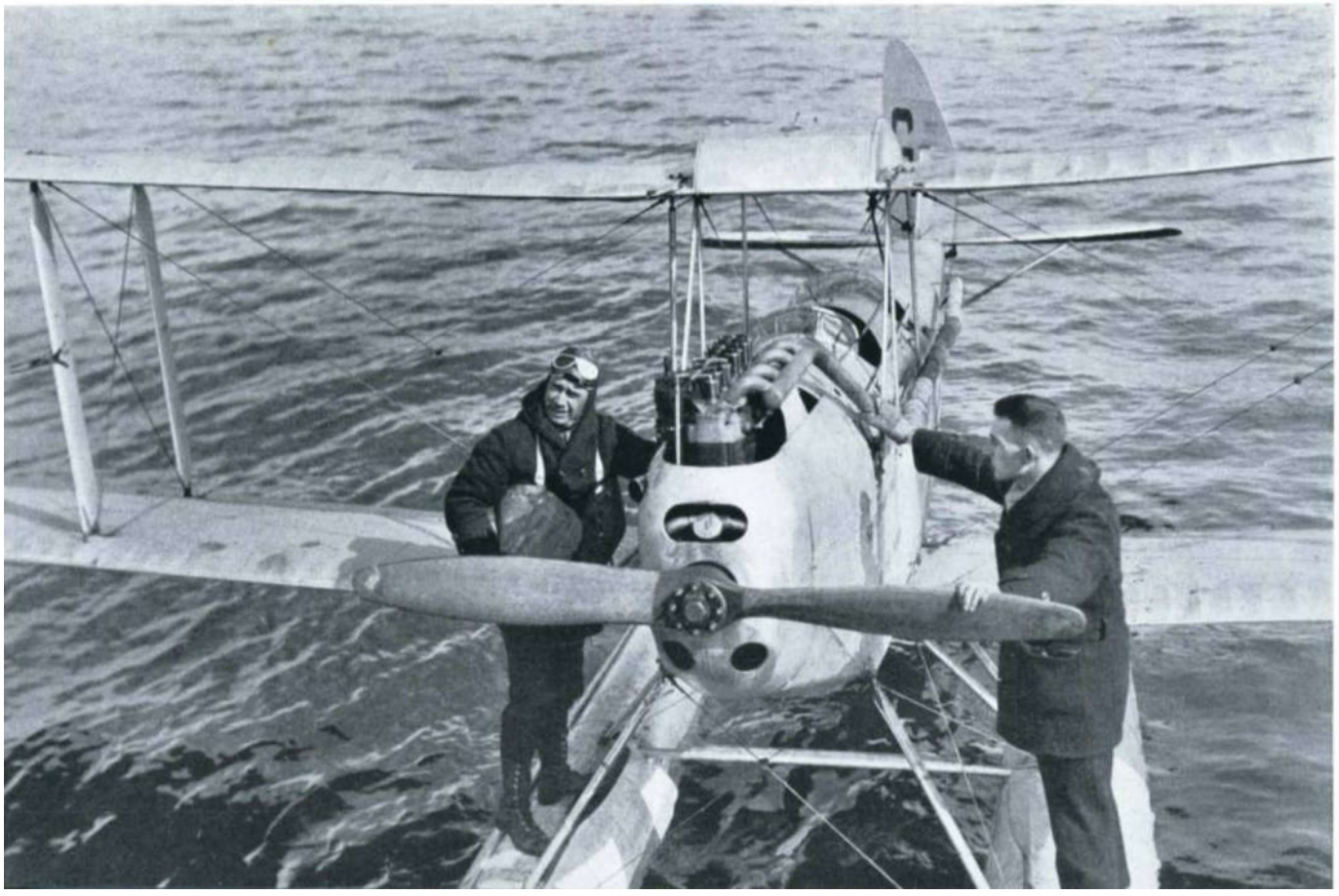
The Moth had done great work up to this time, but on the 27th, while she was moored off shore, the wind suddenly freshened and heavy seas made it impossible to get to her. Left to ride it out alone, during the night she capsized and became a total loss.

In establishing all bases, every bit of material had to be trans-shipped by scow and launch from ship to shore, but by September 8 almost everything required at base "C" at Wakeham Bay had been put ashore, and buildings were fast approaching completion when the small convoy returned to Port Burwell to establish the third and final base. The site finally selected was situated at Mission Cove and Fox Harbour in the northwest arm of Port Burwell Harbour. The old Moravian mission building owned by the Hudson's Bay Company was rented from them to house personnel and for storage. As a consequence much valuable time was saved, and base "A" was completed by October 28.

The first flight by Fokker aircraft from any base was from Wakeham Bay, being accomplished on September 30. The first flight from Nottingham Island with a similar machine was made by Flight Lieut. Leitch on October 11, and the first at Burwell was by Flight Lieut. Coghill on October 18.

After great activity, under weather conditions which at times were severe, with innumerable foggy interludes, the bases were well established, and by November 7 all were ready to send out meteorological reports by radio. The first ice of the 1927-28 season observed from a plane was from one operating out of base "B" on Nottingham Island on November 16, when floe ice was seen to the south.

First men and aircraft ever to fly in the Hudson Strait area. Squadron Leader (now Air Vice-Marshal) T. A. Lawrence and Flight Lieut. (now Squadron Leader) A. A. Leitch with the De Havilland "Moth," later lost in a storm.



Left: Nottingham Island base, June 19, 1928, and still ice bound. Below: Radio room at Nottingham Island. G. F. Hudon, radio engineer (left) and R. L. Bunt, wireless operator. A. A. Leitch.

With all buildings completed, the construction crews were taken aboard from the respective bases and on November 11 the *Stanley* left Port Burwell for the south. Owing to illness which overtook him at Wakeham Bay, Mr. McLean was obliged, under doctor's suggestion and orders from Ottawa, to relinquish command of the expedition, which he turned over to Squadron Leader Lawrence before going out on the *Stanley*.

The personnel at all bases now set about the business of getting fully organized for the work ahead—the careful survey of ice conditions which were to exist in Hudson Strait for the next twelve months. Radio was their only contact with the outside, but they were constantly in touch with Ottawa, and meteorological reports were consistently sent out. Heavy fogs and snow on many days entirely prevented air patrols being made, but at every opportunity reconnaissances were carried out, often being accomplished under most trying and dangerous weather conditions, and observations of great value were taken.

The experience of Flying Officer Lewis and party can be recounted as an example. Leaving Port Burwell just before noon on February 17, accompanied by Flight Sergeant Terry and an Eskimo, Anakatok, they set off in aircraft G-CAHG on a routine patrol and to do photographic work. Their course was across the mouth of Hudson Strait towards Baffin Land to a point on the west coast of Resolution Island. On reaching their outward objective, the return flight was begun as visibility lowered to almost nil. A compass course was set for Burwell. About this time the engine began to act up, vibrating badly and losing revs. After flying some time, the pilot glimpsed to port what he thought to be the Button Islands, well north of Burwell, but eighteen minutes later the topographical outline of land seen through the heavy clouds and mist led the pilot to believe he was near Akpatok Island in the centre of Ungava Bay. He had steered a somewhat exaggerated course southwest after leaving Resolution, to be sure of flying into Ungava Bay rather than down the east coast of Labrador or out over the Atlantic.

Feeling comparatively certain of his position, he set an easterly course on a compass bearing which he considered would bring them directly to Burwell. They carried on until 3 p.m., the engine becoming rougher every minute, and then, with fuel about gone and no land yet sighted, it became necessary to put the machine down on the ice. This was accomplished without severe damage, which speaks volumes for the pilot's ability, as the ice was a mass of hummocks with rafts over twenty feet in height. The machine came to a stop with its nose jammed against a particularly high hummock, damaging only the propeller, some struts and the skis.

They stayed with the machine all night. Daylight on the morning of the 18th showed snow falling heavily, blotting out everything, and they were unable to check their position. Estimating they were down on Ungava Bay, they struck out in an easterly direction, taking along their emergency kit rations and the compass, and after travelling all day until ice conditions became impassable, they spent the night in a snow hut. The 19th broke clear, and from a high hummock dark clouds and what appeared to be open water could be seen far to the east, while to westward in the direction from which they had come were high banked clouds and what seemed to be a high contoured skyline. Decision was then reached to back-track, and on the afternoon of the 20th the irregular, cloud-banked horizon was definitely seen to be land. From the 21st to the 24th the weather turned against them and a compass course was followed. Land was again clearly visible on the 24th and, rather than lose it again, the party travelled all that day and night, finally reaching it on the afternoon of the 25th in weather that registered 25 degrees below.

During the early part of their journey on the ice, open leads were crossed by means of their rubber life raft, which they dragged along behind them. Eventually it was discarded, together with items of clothing and even some of their precious rations, as speed was essential above all. Until the native managed to bag a walrus, which was eaten raw, they had at one time been without food for twenty-four hours. After leav-

ing their rubber raft behind, they used ice pans to ferry themselves across the numerous open leads they encountered. As soon as they reached land, they set off in a northeasterly direction, and until the afternoon of the 28th no living thing was seen. Then they met an Eskimo hunter and his wife, with komatik and dog team, and with their aid they were at last able to ascertain their approximate position for the first time since the 17th. Arrangements were made with the Eskimo to bring them into Port Burwell, where they arrived at midnight on March 1st, slightly frost bitten and very hungry, but otherwise in good physical condition in spite of their gruelling experience.

When "HG" and its crew failed to return on the 17th, immediate search was organized. Flight Lieut. Leitch flew the machine from Nottingham Island to Burwell via Wakeham, and Squadron Leader Lawrence took the Wakeham Bay machine over. These two flights, the former totalling 590 miles and the latter 340, made in the middle of the Arctic winter under the severest possible flying conditions, both of which reached Burwell on the 19th, deserve the very highest recognition. From the 19th to the 23rd, weather conditions in the vicinity of Burwell were at their worst, with visibility absolutely nil, and no flying could be done. Several flights were made on the 23rd, but the weather again closed in until the 29th. From that date on, until the missing men turned up on the first of March, every endeavour was made to find them, but in most cases the search centred over Ungava Bay, as the last radio report from Lewis had been to the effect that it was in this vicinity that he had been forced down. Something like 1500 miles were covered by search flights alone, irrespective of the distances the machines from bases "B" and "C" covered in flying to Burwell and back.

It was established without doubt that, due to adverse conditions, the aircraft being flown by Lewis had been carried far off its course on its return flight from Resolution and had finished up an estimated sixty miles due east of the Labrador coast and well out on the Atlantic.

Squadron Leader Lawrence, in his report of the affair, gave great praise to members of the R.C.M.P., to Mr. Ford of the H B C, to Captain Bennett and some of the members of the C.G.M.M. S.S. *Canadian Raider* who were wintering at Burwell, and to the natives of the district for their untiring aid in the search. It is whole-heartedly admitted that without "Bobby" Anakatok the native who accompanied them, the plight of the two white crew members of "HG" would have been dire in the extreme, and in all probability they would have perished. The aircraft abandoned on the Atlantic ice was never seen again.

The adventures of Lewis and his crew were one of a number of similar trying experiences which overtook the fliers at different times.

Although the Fokker aircraft used were of the cabin type, the pilots' cockpits were of the open variety, which meant cold slugging for the pilots on flights over those wintry aretic wastes.

During the expedition's stay in the North, a total of over two-hundred routine air patrols were carried out, together with a considerable number of special patrols and non-patrol flights. Tests were taken throughout the winter of ice depths, and the greatest registered on sea ice at any one base was at "B," where a maximum of fifty-two inches was tabulated on May 3, 1928.

The lowest temperature recorded at any base during operations was also at "B," when the mercury dropped to 34.2 below on two occasions; January 21 and February 24, 1928. This may not seem to be particularly low temperature for that northern area, but cutting winds blew most of the time, averaging between twenty and thirty miles per hour, and more often than not they reached high velocity during some part of the day. The strongest recorded was an easterly at Port Burwell, when fifty-eight miles per hour was registered during a blow on December 8, 1927.

Left: Bobby Anakatok, to whom Lewis and Terry probably owed their lives.

Left: Hauling G-CAHE over the ice at Wakeham Bay on three komatiks. Above: Launching her on June 30 for the first flight of the year with floats.

Emergency kit inspection before a patrol flight, at the expedition's headquarters, Wakeham Bay. L. to R.: F/O B. Carr-Harris, F/L Leitch, S/L Lawrence; G. Valiquette, photographer.

One major outcome of the expedition's findings was the later establishment of directional finding stations along Hudson Strait, to enable shipping to navigate with more surety than had ever been accomplished in those waters before. Existing maps and even admiralty soundings time and again proved to be quite incorrect.

One of these D.F. stations was erected at Cape Hopes Advance, being completed and calibrated by October 9. The radio station at Nottingham Island was converted into another but, owing to unfavourable weather, it could not be calibrated until the following year. A site was also chosen on Resolution Island for an additional station, which was installed in 1929.

Owing to so many inaccuracies being found in existing charts and maps used by the expedition, R. G. Madill, assistant magnetician of the Dominion Observatory, and his assistant, Charles Rump, were, at the request of their department, attached to the expedition and went north on the *Montcalm*. They performed work of the greatest value in correcting many errors shown on existing charts. To quote but two examples: the spot where base "B" on Nottingham Island was situated was found to be four nautical miles west of such chart positions and actually plotted in the sea when compared with maps the expedition had, and the East Headland entrance to Wakeham Bay plotted six nautical miles southwest of the map position.

When the work of the Hudson Strait expedition was concluded, a large part of their surplus supplies and stores were sold, much of it being bought by the Hudson's Bay Company, who also took over many of the buildings at the various bases.

The intention had been to fly the various aircraft out, but this order was cancelled when several of the machines were damaged almost at the last moment, and they were dismantled and loaded aboard the S.S. *Larch* and the C.G.S. *Canadian Voyageur*, and returned to Halifax.

Some of the personnel returned south on the *Voyageur*, and others made the trip on the H B C S.S. *Nascopie* and the C.G.S. *Montcalm*. The *Larch* left Port Burwell for Halifax October 17, but the *Montcalm* anchored at the Button Islands until November, during which time additional ice and weather conditions were observed. She finally left on November 8.

In Mr. McLean's lengthy and detailed report of the expedition, he stated that in his opinion the route from Port Churchill to the Atlantic could undoubtedly be made good use of by modern shipping, as it has all the facilities which science now has to offer in the matter of ice breakers, radio, reliable charts and correct meteorological data, and, as he so aptly put it: "If, for the past two hundred years, ships of the Hudson's Bay Company have transported cargoes to and from Europe to Hudson Bay points by this route, and for the first hundred and fifty years or so,* purely by sailing ships, then there is a certainty that the present Hudson Bay sea route to outside points can be assured of success."

With such optimism expressed by the man in charge of the expedition, there seems little doubt that this short cut to the Atlantic from Canada's vast grain belt and inland mineral resources should fully come into its own in the approaching era of tremendous shipping possibilities: the after-the-war years, which still lie ahead.

*Sixty years could have been added in each case.—Ed.

Building Fort Prince of Wales

Extracts from "An Account of Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay"

By Joseph Robson

The Library of Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg contains a number of old and rare books dealing with the North. This is the first of a series of articles in which extracts from these books, of interest to "Beaver" readers, will be reprinted.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Joseph Robson was a stone-mason and surveyor, employed by the Company at Churchill from 1733 to 1736, and at York Factory and Churchill from 1745 to 1748. He did not altogether approve of the way things were done there, as the following extracts show; but as he himself admitted, he was young and fond of shewing his abilities. Reading his account of the building of the great stone fort—after Louisbourg and Quebec the strongest fortress on the continent—one begins to understand why it took nearly forty years to build (from 1732 to 1771). Robson was one of the chief witnesses before the parliamentary committee appointed in 1749 "to enquire into the State and Condition of the Countries adjoining to Hudson's Bay and of the trade carried on there." In his evidence he mentioned that there were never more than ten men employed at one time on the building of the stone fort, and sometimes only two or three.

IN the year 1733 I embarked on board the Mary frigate, commanded by Captain George Spurrell, bound for Churchill-river in Hudson's-Bay. We sailed from Gravesend the 16th of May, put into Tinmouth [Tynemouth] the 24th, touched at Carstown [Carestonholm, now Stromness] in the Orkneys the 7th of June, and arrived at Churchill-river the 3d of August.

I was ordered directly to Eskimaux-point at the entrance of the river, where I found several persons employed in laying the foundation of a stone-fort [Prince of Wales]. The principal workman was an old man, named Tuttie, who had been a labourer to masons in London, and knew nothing of the theory of building; and the person whom the governor had appointed overseer, was one Thomas Giddins, formerly a common soldier, but lately a hosier near London, who failing in his business was taken into the Company's service and sent to Churchill-river, not as a tradesman, but as a common servant. Under such influence was the building carried on, as if it had been the first attempted to be made by the nation to whom it belonged.

In these circumstances it was natural to conclude, that the governor [Richard Norton] would be pleased to find a man capable of conducting the building pro-

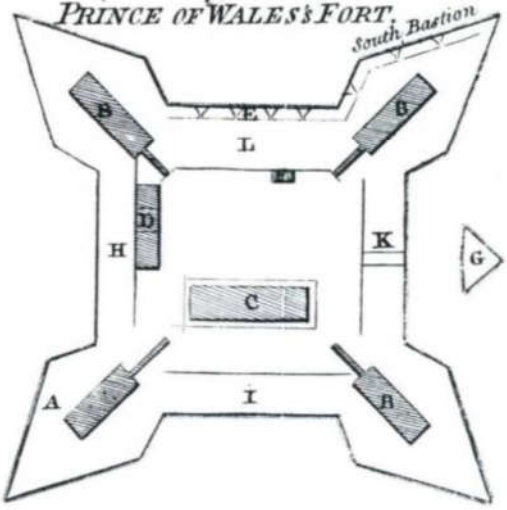
Although of such imposing dimensions (one hundred yards square, with the outer wall nearly seventeen feet high) and armed with ten 24-pounders, twenty-two 12-pounders, and eight 6-pounders, the fort was surrendered without a shot being fired, to Admiral de la Perouse, in 1782. The French had three ships and four hundred men: the British, under Samuel Hearne, had only thirty-nine men to fire the forty guns. This scarcity of manpower lends credence to Professor Morton's theory that the fort was built primarily to protect the Company's ships, which could seek shelter in the river mouth while the sailors went ashore and fired the guns. De la Perouse tried to demolish the fort but only partly succeeded. The government engineers who repaired it a few years ago expressed the opinion that it could never have stood for long against a bombardment; and perhaps Hearne was of the same opinion. Certainly Joseph Robson would have agreed with them.

To face Page 30.

A. A Magazine — D. Offices —
B. Store Houses — E. What is built of Stone Parapet
C. Dwelling House — F. Governors Cook Room —
G. A Ravelin to defend the Gate.

Fig II.

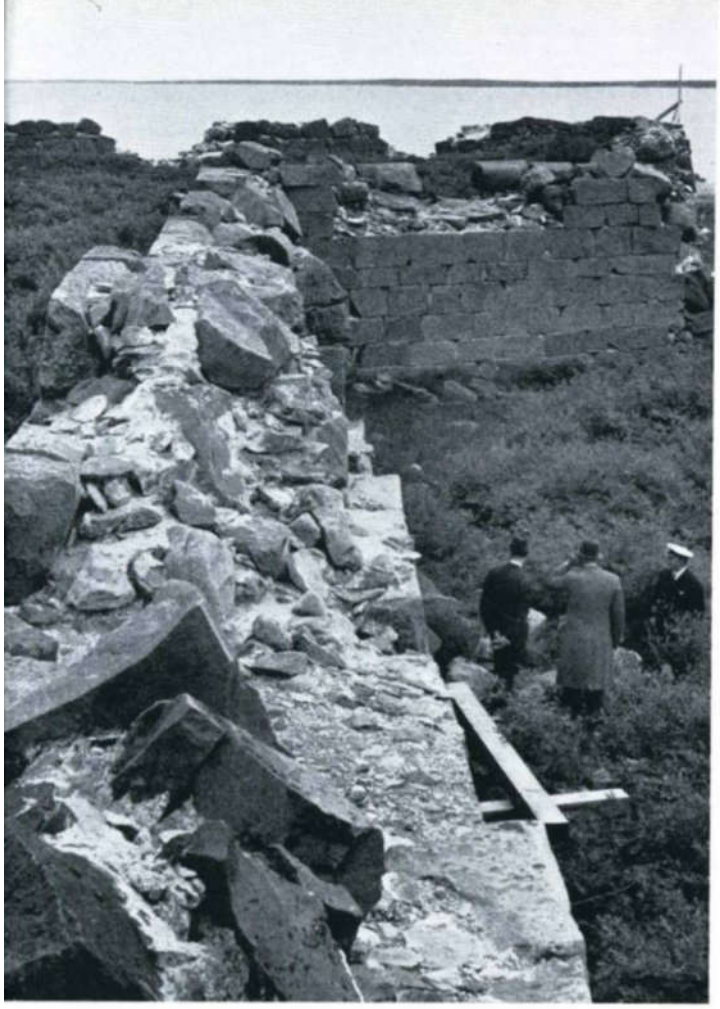
PRINCE OF WALES's FORT.



The Original Plans Rampart was 42 Feet, but the Gov.r was sure that 25 Feet would do very well, I was order'd therefore to lay the Foundation 25 Feet thick as H. I. K. When the Cannon was try'd they ran of the Wall so L was pull'd down & Built up according to the first Plan H. I. and K not done yet.

Scale 114 Feet in one Inch

Diagram from Joseph Robson's book. H, I, and K were later widened to 39, 37, and 42 feet respectively.



In 1934, the year before the fort was repaired, Governor Cooper (centre) visited the ruins with Michael Lubbock and Capt. Smellie. Note the absence of mortar between the stones.

perly; and accordingly I ventured to interfere in the direction. But upon the governor's first visit, who, as it was the season for the coming in of the ship from England, was obliged to reside chiefly at the old factory five miles distant, I found myself egregiously mistaken. He shook his horsewhip at me, and asked, Who made me a director over these men? But notwithstanding this discouraging check, I still applied diligently to the work; for I was young and fond of shewing my abilities, and was besides much grieved to see a building of such consequence ruined thro' ignorance and want of care.

The next time the governor came, he offered me a dram, and told me I must do nothing without first acquainting him. But as he lived at so great a distance, I thought it wrong to retard the work by sending to him for instructions which I knew he was incapable of giving; for he was an absolute stranger to the rules of building, having been brought up from a boy in Hudson's-Bay, where nothing is to be learned but the language and manners of the natives, and the methods of trading with them.

The stones we made use of being of the pebble kind, could only be hammered into shape. The choosing out those which were most proper for the purpose was the first step, the laying them near the place where they would be wanted the next, and the fixing them to the best advantage, and with least hammering, was the third and principal. The second only was the province of our overseer, who in every thing else acted under my direction as mason; and being piqued at receiving orders from a stranger, who, perhaps, examined too narrowly and reproved too freely for his interest, he took every opportunity of secretly opposing my plan, and often ordered the labourers to lay the stones down wrong. This retarded the work exceedingly; for I was determined to rectify all mistakes, whether they proceeded from ignorance or malice. Indeed after I left the country the building proceeded in the old way, without any useful guidance or inspection; and every error past uncorrected. This was evident upon my return in 1746; for part of that which they had conducted had tumbled, and much more of it bulged: and I am convinced that if the cannon upon the rampart had been loaded and fired for service, much of it must have fallen upon the first or second discharge.

We left off building in the beginning of September, and repaired to the old factory five miles up the river [built by James Knight in 1717; and abandoned in favour of the stone fort in 1740].

. . . . . .

In the spring of 1734, all hands were employed to hawl down necessaries on a large sled upon the ice, and to prepare materials for the building against the weather would permit us to work. By this time I discovered in what manner affairs were managed in the Bay, having contracted an intimacy with the surgeon, who had lived in the country three years.

As the wind suffered very little snow to lie on the hill where the fort was to be erected, upon the first thaw I began to examine whether it was laid out conformably to the plan; but finding it very ill executed, I altered the piquets, and had the foundation dug afresh; and the governor seemed pleased, and secretly offered me such trifling favours as they bestow upon the Indians. We contended, however, about many points; and with some difficulty I obtained mortar, which tho' not very good was yet better than none. I was sollicitous for the perfection of the building, and therefore opposed every step which I thought not calculated to answer the end; while he, on the contrary, seemed more desirous to have much work done, than to have it well done.

. . . . . .

In the year 1744 I embarked aboard the prince Rupert [second H B C ship of that name], George Spurrel commander, bound first to Churchill-river, and afterwards to York-fort. I lived with the captain upon very good terms, and conversed freely with him about the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company.

. . . . . .

The stone-fort at Churchill-river was once mentioned; and the captain informed me, that it was very badly executed after I left it; for some parts had fallen, which were obliged to be rebuilt; and others were ready to fall: but that which I had conducted, he said, stood firm, and he believed would continue to stand.

. . . . . .

When we had run almost across the Bay, and were got near some banks to the northward of the Churchill-river, the captain expressed his regret that they were not tried for cod; for it seemed highly probable to him, he said, that there was almost as many to be taken there as at Newfoundland. However, he did not stay to make the experiment, but made the best of his way for Churchill-river, where we arrived soon after.

The fort in course of rebuilding by the Dominion Government. H. E. Cooper and W. E. Brown of the H B C stand in one of the embrasures. Beyond is the fort gate.

I went ashore immediately, for I was impatient to see the fort; and at the first view the effects of the extraordinary salary allowed the governor for expedition, were easily perceived. Instead of a defensible fort capable of resisting the force of an enemy, it had in many places yielded to its own weakness and the attacks of wind and weather; and was not only unworthy of the name by which it was distinguished, but even of the persons at whose cost it was built.

. . . . . .

APPENDIX NUMBER II

An estimate of the expence of building the stone-fort at the entrance of Churchill-river, *called* Prince of Wales's-fort.

Prince of Wales's-fort is a square fort with four bastions. But before I begin the estimate, it may be proper to observe, that as no labourers were set apart for the building, which always was stopped as often as any other kind of business interfered; and as no regular account was kept of these frequent interruptions; it will be difficult to form an estimate in any other way, than by taking the quantity of work that was done during the three years that I was concerned, and the number of masons, labourers, and horses, that were necessary to perform that work; and then computing the expence of the whole, in proportion to the expence of this part.

	£	s.	d.
Four masons at £25† per annum each for three years	300:	0:	0
Maintenance of ditto at 5s per week each	156:	0:	0
Ditto in their passage out and home, five months	20:	0:	0
Eleven labourers at*£6 per annum each for three years	198:	0:	0
Maintenance of ditto at 5s per week each	429:	0:	0
Ditto in their passage out and home	55:	0:	0
Four horses at £15 each	60:	0:	0
Charges of ditto in the ship	8:	8:	0
Ditto——in the country at 6d per day each for three years	109:	10:	0
Three hundred pounds wt. of gun-powder for blowing up stones	15:	0:	0
Utensils for three years, as carriages, ropes, blocks, etc.	60:	0:	0
Iron-crows, great hammers, etc.	15:	0:	0
Total	1425:	18:	0

All the stone, lime-stone, sand and the wood for burning the lime, was upon the spot. Most of the stone and lime-stone lay within a quarter of a mile's distance from the fort, and none at more than half a mile's distance.

The little smith's and carpenter's work also that was done in these three years, for neither lead nor iron was used in cramping the stones, was performed by the Company's common servants whose charges are not to be brought into account, till the expences of building the house within the fort are rated. So that the expence of the fort in the first three years, at a large allowance, does not exceed £1425: 18: 0: I carefully examined how much of the wall was built in this time, and found that, at the same expence, and with the same number of hands, the rampart might have been finished in six years more, and in a far better manner; for great part of what was afterwards done has tumbled, but what was then done stands well.

In these three years we built two bastions and the curtain between them about seven feet and a half high; and also laid the foundation of another bastion, and built a curtain and half a curtain, and one face of the bastion about two feet and a half or three feet high; which made considerably more than one third of the measurement of the whole rampart: trebling, therefore, the first three years expence, and only deducting the price of four horses valued at £60, the charge of the whole rampart could not exceed £4217: 14: 0.

The next part to be estimated is the parapet. This was at first built of wood; but as the wood was supplied from the old demolished fort five miles up the river, and as the carpenter put it up in thirteen weeks, with very little assistance, the expence of it to the Company could not be very large. In the year 1746, I assisted in building the stone-parapet; and tho' I had only two masons with me, and much of my own time was taken up in selecting proper stones and in surveying, yet the parapet was carried along the flank of a bastion and curtain in one summer; and if the governor had not obstructed the work, but had allowed us a stated number of labourers having always either too few or too many, we should have been able to have finished another flank.

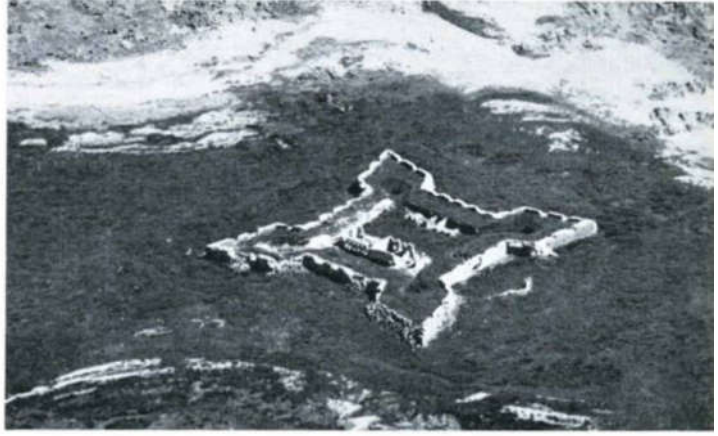
†I was informed, that, after I came away, masons were sent over at £18 per annum each.

*These men are hired in the Orkneys.

The two masons could not do much to the parapet after I came away, as they were employed in erecting a battery at Cape-merry on the other side of the harbour: at the time, therefore, that it was represented, that the building had cost the Company between thirty and forty thousand pounds, very little more than a fifth part of the parapet was completed, the expence of which may be easily ascertained; for, if a flank and curtain were made by three masons, in one summer and autumn; surely, four masons and eleven labourers might do as much in one year; and the expence of four masons, eleven labourers, and four horses, with utensils for one year, cannot exceed 460 l.

A house was built within the fort, the length of which, from out to out, was 101 feet 6 inches; the breadth 33 feet; and the height of the wall 17 feet, making two stories, with a flat roof covered with lead: but all the materials, except iron, lead, glass, and some large beams, were procured upon the spot; and I would undertake to build such a house there, with the advantage of carrying materials from England in the annual ship for 600 l.

Three of the bastions had arches for storehouses 40 feet 3 inches by 10 feet; and in the fourth bastion was built a stone-magazine 24 feet long, and 10 feet wide in the clear, with a passage to it thro' the gorge of the bastion, 24 feet long, and 4 feet wide. Now comparing the expence of building these, with that of the other parts of the fort; I think, that two thirds of the expence of the first three years would be sufficient; that is, four masons, eleven labourers, and four horses, etc. for two years, amounting to about 920 l. with 42 l. more for the lead made use of to cover the magazine.



Aerial view of the fort as it was left by Perouse. Compare with Robson's diagram. R.C.A.F. photo.

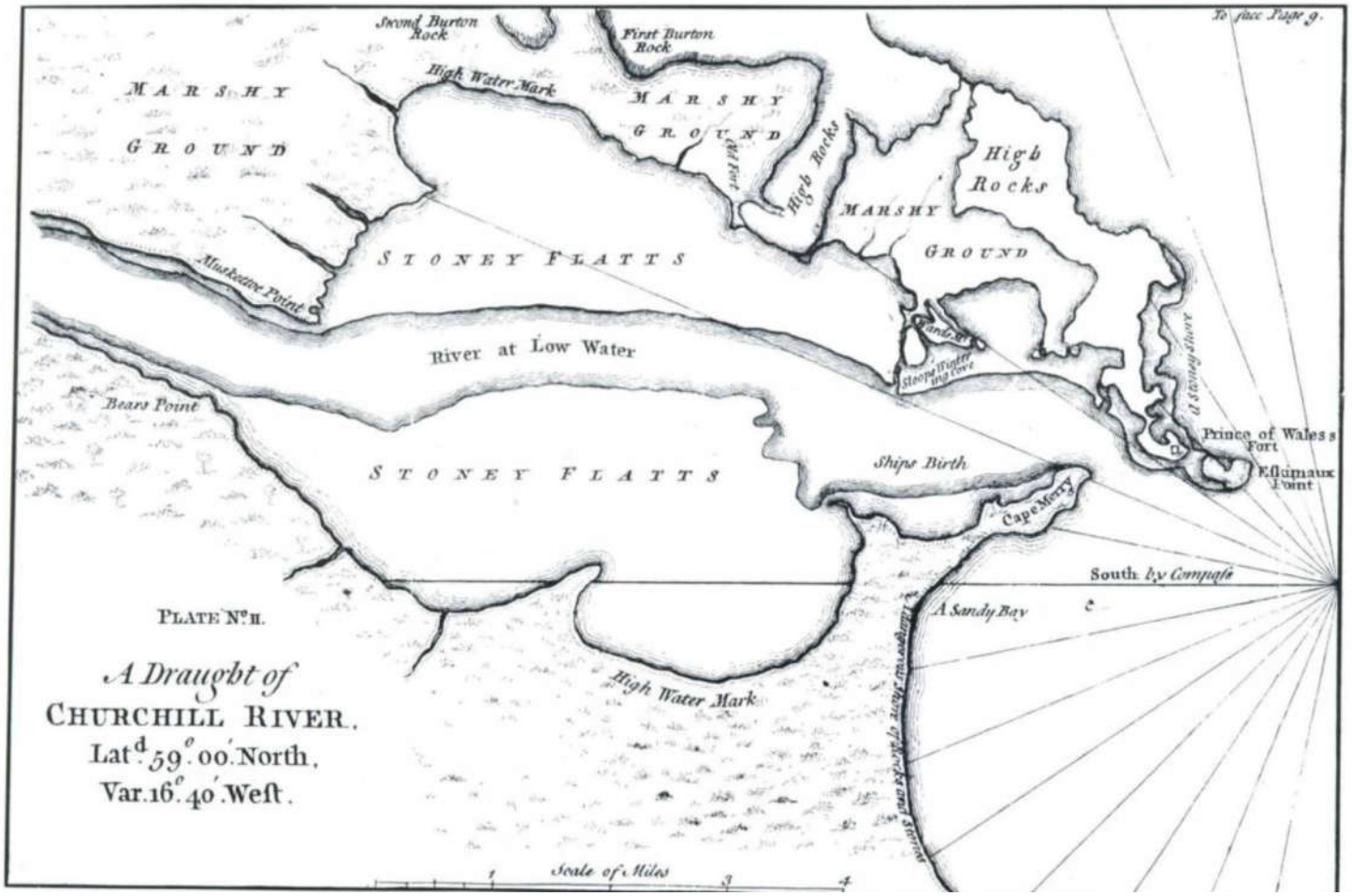
I have rated the expences of the masons and labourers, as if they had been constantly employed upon the building both winter and summer; whereas, the building could be carried on only from May to September, and during the remaining seven months, the people were engaged in other business for the service of the Company, by which they defrayed, at least, the charge of their maintenance for this interval, which yet I have placed to the account of the fort. Indeed, in the whole estimate I have rated every article so high, that an experienced workman, if he was acquainted with the nature of the country, would not compute the total expence at so much by some hundred pounds.

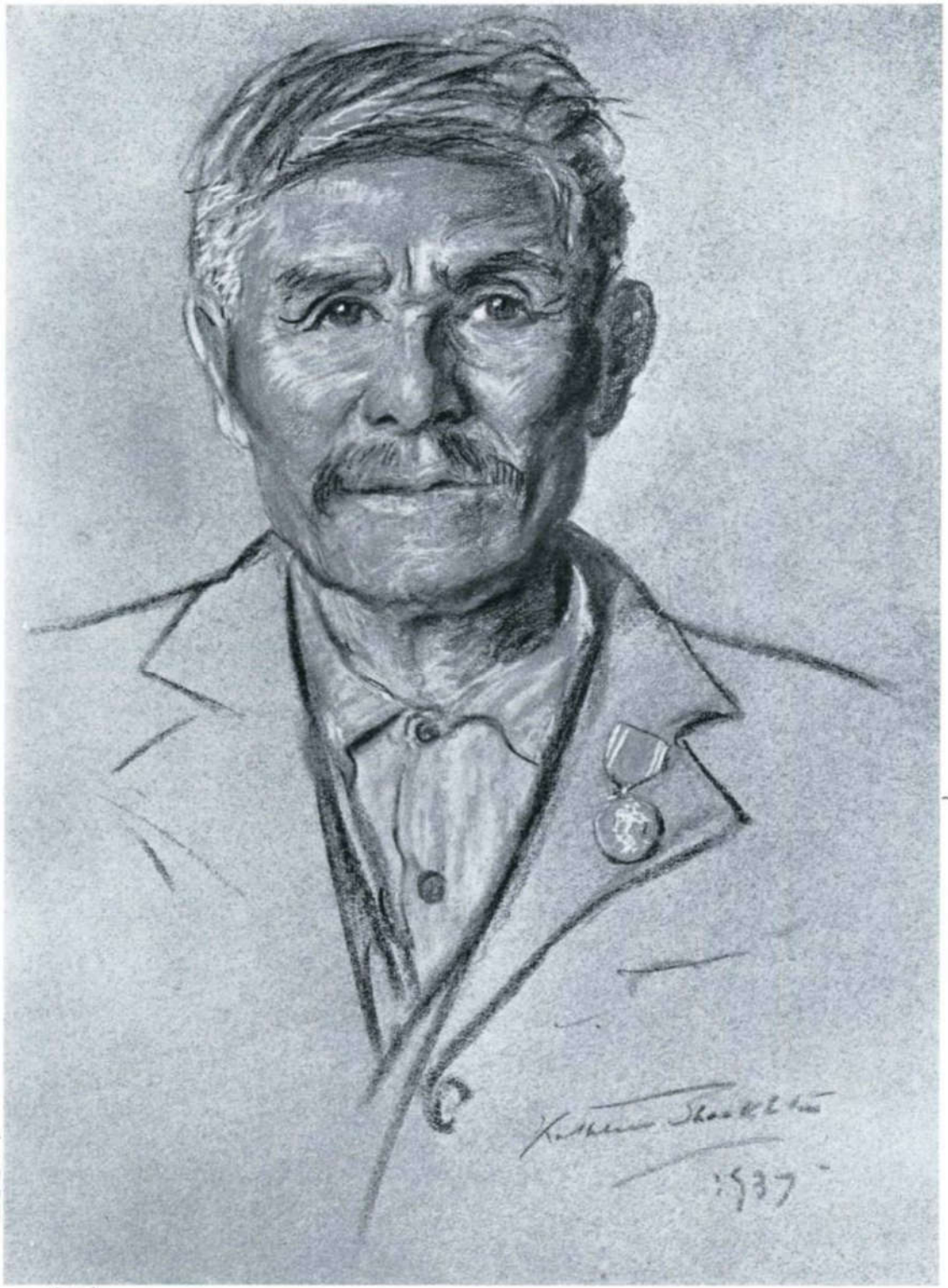
It appears, therefore,

First, that in the year 1749, the Company could not have expended more than £6239: 14: 0. And,

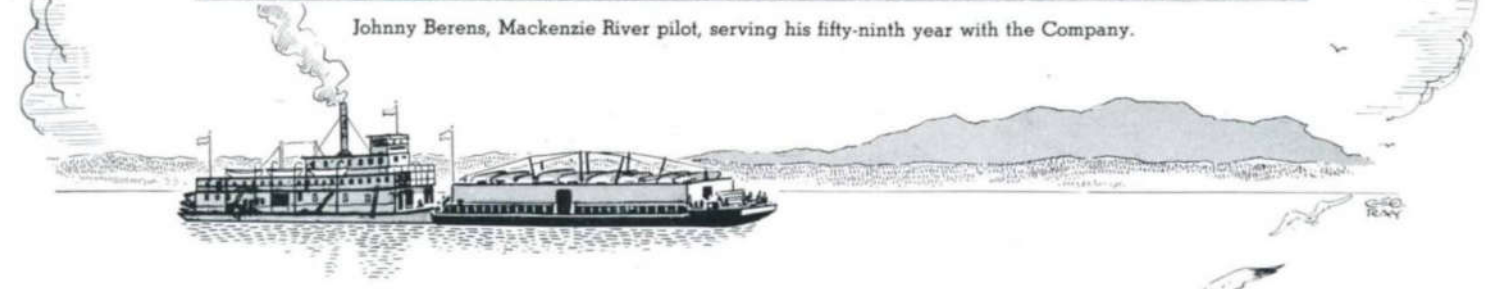
Secondly, that, as a fifth part of the parapet was then finished for £460, and the rest, consequently, might have been done for £1840 more, the whole expence of compleating the fort, and all the buildings within it, cannot possibly exceed £8000.

In 1783 Hearne re-established Churchill post on the site of the "old fort" shown on this plan from Robson's book. Trading was carried on there until 1932, when the Company built the present store across the river.

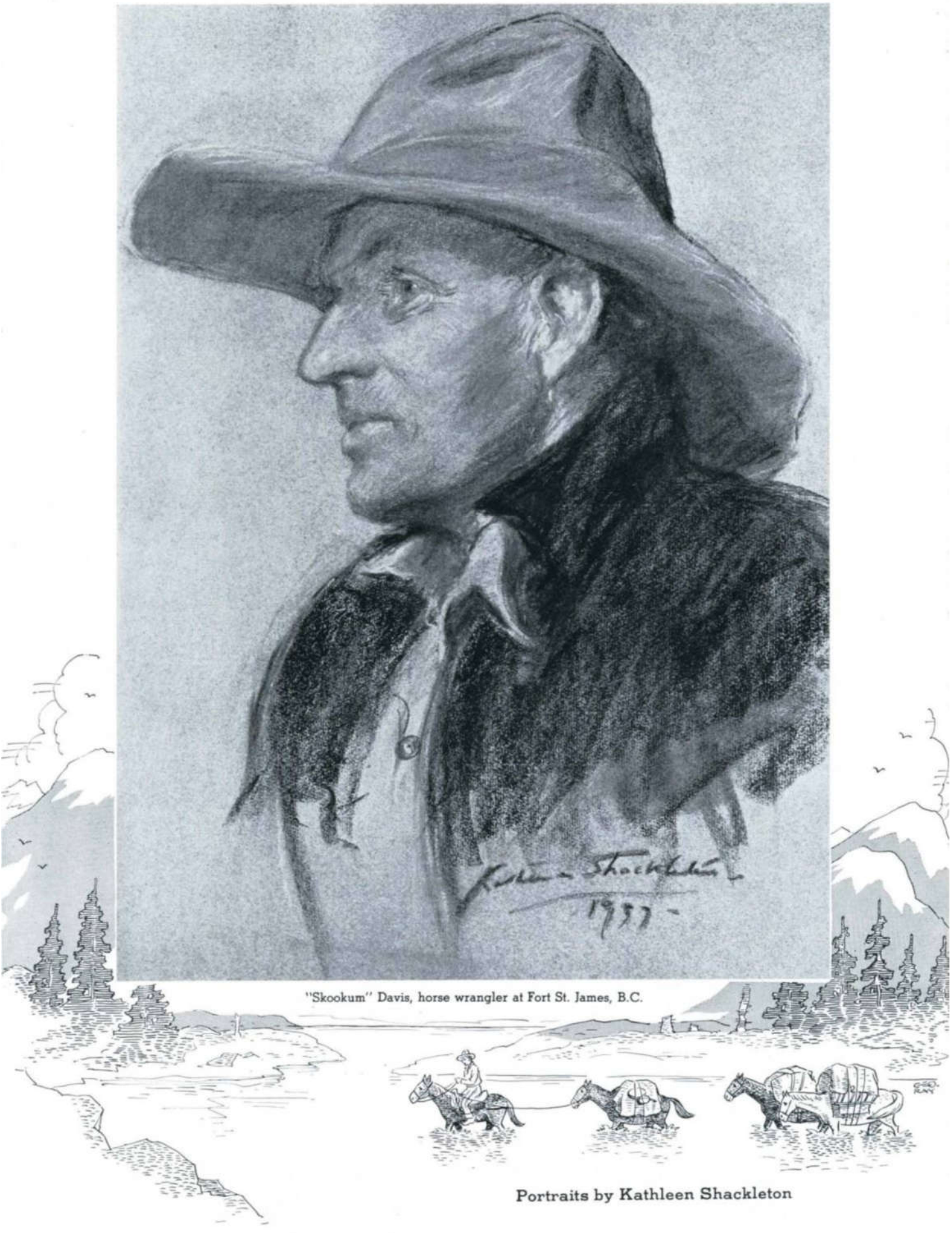




Johnny Berens, Mackenzie River pilot, serving his fifty-ninth year with the Company.



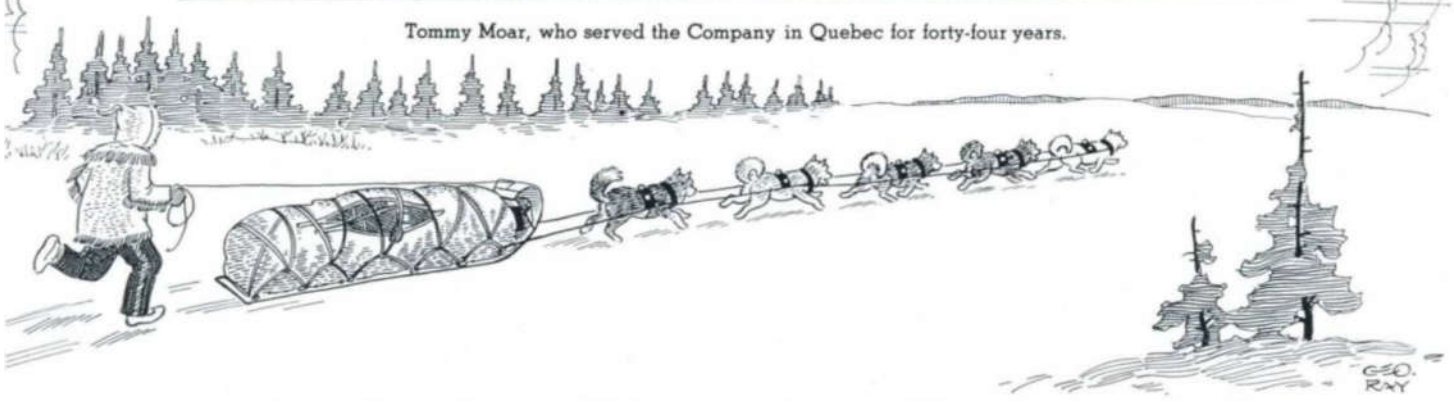
NORTHERN MEN



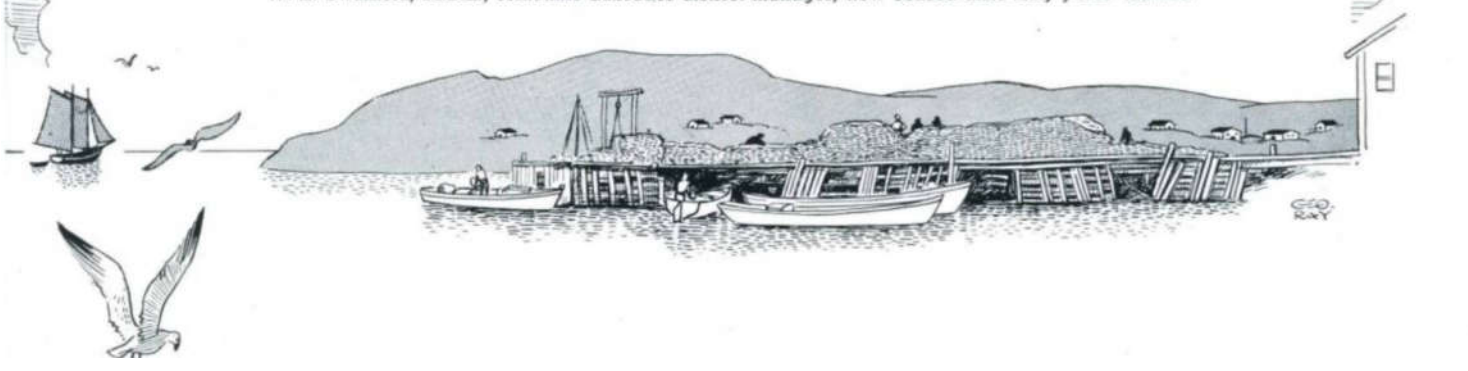
"Skookum" Davis, horse wrangler at Fort St. James, B.C.

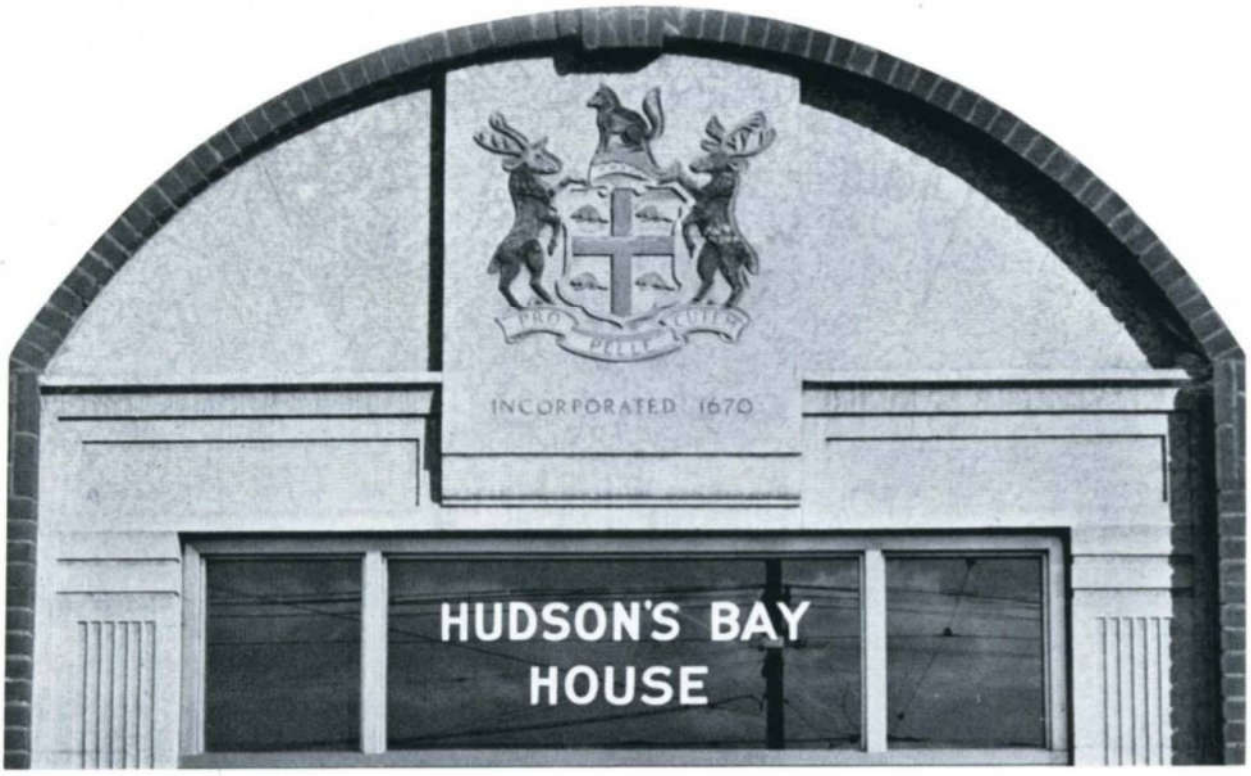
Portraits by Kathleen Shackleton

Tommy Moar, who served the Company in Quebec for forty-four years.



W. E. Swaffield, M.B.E., sometime Labrador district manager, now retired after forty years' service.





What goes on in the building that houses the headquarters of the Company in Canada.

by Brian Tobin

FROM its smart chromium front doors to the back exits whence are shipped trade goods and supplies for all the northland, Hudson's Bay House in Winnipeg provides a panorama of Canadian history that gives the visitor fascinating glimpses into the eventful past and present of the Great Company.

Here, in this headquarters for a continent-wide organization, you may see contrasts that highlight the progress which Canada has made in the last 274 years, dramatizing the development that has changed northern transport styles from North canoe and York boat to steamer and aeroplane. For, with all its modernization, there still lingers in this building the pioneer flavour of lonely northern trails, of singing canoe brigades and of stockaded posts in the wilderness.

In this unstaged museum of Canada's commercial history, you will find such modern innovations as a radio set packed for parachute dropping to an ice-bound Arctic post—and such links with the past as canoe awls, ice chisels, snow knives and other trade goods unchanged in style in over a century.

Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, stands on Main Street near the bridge over the Assiniboine River. Directly across the street, in a little park, is a massive stone gateway—all that remains of the new Fort Garry built over a century ago. A far cry from the old Hudson's Bay forts is this modern red brick building with its air-conditioning and up-to-date furnishings and equipment.

Let's step in off Main Street and stroll through the House. From the mahogany panelled hallway we pass through a door leading to the Canadian executive offices of the Company. Here are the offices of the General Manager of the Company in Canada; of the General Manager of the Retail Stores Department; the Manager of the Wholesale Department, and other Company officials.

The retail stores, which began as an insignificant offshoot of the fur trading business, have now grown to be the main trunk of the Company, with staffs totalling over 3,800 in the fourteen stores. The old-timers of the Company, who spent their lives in one- and two-man posts, would have difficulty in recognizing their organization in the great modern emporiums of to-day; for the Company has kept pace with the growth of Canada from a wilderness to a nation of metropolitan centres.

At the end of the hall in which we stand is the board room where the Canadian Committee meets each week to direct the operations of the Company in Canada. Walking towards it, we pass a number of oil paintings. There is a life-size portrait of Nelson, and a companion picture, "The Battle of the Nile." In the years before 1816 they hung in the Great Hall of the North West Company at Fort William, later being moved to York Factory.

We see also a small model of the *Nonsuch*, which in 1668 set out from England to found Charles Fort in James Bay; and a model of the *Prince Rupert*, another Company ship, which was built a few years later.

Seven members belong to the Canadian Committee—the directing authority of a trading area that extends from Labrador to the Pacific Coast; from the U.S. border to the Arctic islands. It meets every week throughout the year. The chairman is also a member of the London Board, which since the birth of the Company over 273 years ago has guided its destinies.

A feature of the Board room is a large map covering one whole wall, and showing the location of every post, out-post and retail store and branch office in the country. These huge maps are to be found in several places throughout the building—constant reminders of the vastness of this commercial empire and its importance in the life of the Dominion.

Here on the east coast of James Bay you see Rupert's House, founded 276 years ago as Charles Fort, the first of hundreds of such establishments. Here also is the most northerly post, at Arctic Bay on Baffin Island, some 1,200 miles from the Pole; and the newest post of all, Buffalo Narrows in Saskatchewan.

With an appreciation of the Company's many phases, we pass through an inner hallway in which is hung one of the most interesting exhibits in the House. At the head of the hall is a facsimile of the original five-page Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company, guaranteeing to the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay the exclusive right to deal in furs throughout the vast territory drained by the rivers flowing into the Bay. Little did King Charles or Prince Rupert realize at the time the extent of the country which this charter would include, nor the great lands further west which would later come within the bounds of the Company's territory.

Opposite the Charter is the mailing office, which handles a tremendous quantity of letters and parcels each year, besides twelve thousand calendars. Annual postage paid is about $14,500. Beyond is the stenographers' room for the Canadian Committee Office where some of the most important correspondence of the Company in Canada is typed, and where also the *Beaver* subscriptions and correspondence are handled.

Extending down the hallway from the mailing office is an exhibit of coloured calendars dating from 1913 to the present year. Their pictures have become familiar throughout Canada in the last thirty years, dealing in general with rugged scenes from the early history of the Company. The Hudson's Bay calendar, in fact, has become almost a Canadian institution, and some enthusiasts make a habit of collecting them.

At intervals in the long line of calendars are doors leading to the Interior Stores Division, noisy with

This life-size portrait of Lord Nelson used to hang in the great hall of the Nor'westers at Fort William before 1816. The artist was possibly Dulongpre of Montreal.

The Canadian Committee board room, with its map done in coloured linoleum.

A young apprentice clerk looks up at Sir George.

comptometers and adding machines and typewriters, where the business of the eight smaller stores is correlated; the *Beaver* office, where photo and information files and a small research library are kept; and the office of the superintendent of store buildings, characterized by draughting tables and blueprints. Across the hall is the Winnipeg Buying office, where a great variety of merchandise is bought for the retail stores from manufacturers in Manitoba and the West.

Off the hallway is the small library, perhaps one of the most interesting parts of Hudson's Bay House. One section gives a priceless glimpse into the character and tastes of those bearded English and Scottish frontiersmen who staffed the Company's early posts. A large number of books from the original post collections have been gathered here. Leather bound, stained, scuffed, each volume could tell a story over and above the wealth of its contents: a story of endless miles on sled, in packsack and canoe; of being cut by rawhide thongs, soaked in rain, warped by the cold of subzero temperatures, to end up on some factor's homemade pine shelf, his solace before the fire in the long winter nights.

Picture one of these old-timers, his well worn Bible close to his elbow, and in his hands, for light reading, one of these old volumes: Dante's Inferno; A History of Scotland; Principles of Philosophy; or, best of all, the leather bound Anecdotes, Memoirs, Allegories, Essays and Poetical Fragments, Tending to Amuse the Fancy and Inculcate Morality, by Mr. Addison, 1795, London.

There *were* giants in those days!

Before we leave the main floor we take a look into the business-like offices of the Land and Wholesale Departments. One and a half million acres of land still remain to the Company from the original grant of 7,000,000 acres in the Fertile Belt, and these are gradually being sold by the Land Department.

The staff of sixty occupies a large room that looks like any other modern office. But on the wall a distinctive note is struck by an old relief map of the Fertile Belt, made before the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were created; and occasionally a weather beaten son of the soil comes in from the wide prairies to discuss the purchase of land with one of the staff.

The Wholesale Department deals in several items with general retailers throughout the Dominion. Fort Garry Tea and Coffee, Hudson's Bay spirits, blankets and tobacco are well known brands in all parts of the country. Here are the offices for their distribution.

Back at the south end of the building we climb to the Fur Trade Department on the second floor. Over the stairway hangs a life-size oil painting of Sir George Simpson, the little pink cheeked, tight lipped, blue eyed Scotsman who came to Canada from London in 1820 to head the affairs of the Northern Department. In his forty years of activity on this continent, the driving force and ability of this man became a factor not only in the growth of his Company, but of the country of which he became a part.

A few eventful months after Simpson came out, the two great rivals—North West Company and Hudson's Bay—were united as a result of negotiations in London. The same year, in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company's exclusive license to trade was extended by act of the British parliament to cover all the territory to the Rocky Mountains, with sole British trading rights between the Rockies and the Pacific. Over this huge domain, large enough to swallow most of Europe, the little Scot became Governor-in-Chief, and there were few parts of it he did not cover with dog sled, canoe and horse.

This frieze of photographs, all of which have appeared in "The Beaver," extends around the centre block of the fur trade offices.

A fitting thing that his portrait should hang here, looking down on the activities of this House at the heart of the empire he once ruled.

Perhaps his spirit, peering from those sharp, blue eyes, yearns to be back to cope with the problems of to-day. No more would he be dealing with the hardy factors in their Scottish homespun, the buckskinned trappers, the rough frontiersmen of his day. But for men of his stamp there is always a frontier, and he would have been among the first to cross a new one with the advent of air travel.

The second floor hall continues the decorative scheme of light walls and contrasting mahogany woodwork. Here, above the offices of the Canadian Committee, we find more executive rooms: the manager of the Fur Trade Department and his assistants, the head of the Raw Fur Department, the merchandise manager of the Fur Trade Depots, and the managers of four of the nine great fur trading districts—Ungava, Saskatchewan, Nelson River and James Bay.

These four huge areas together stretch from the Alberta-Saskatchewan border on the west over to the northeastern corner of Quebec, and they include the most southerly post—Temagami—and the most northerly—Arctic Bay—1,830 miles almost due north of it. The district managers—men who have been trained in the hard school of the fur trade—spend about half their time in the field, visiting each post throughout their wide domains. Not so long ago they would have travelled the wilderness by canoe or dog carriole. Now they go almost exclusively by plane. The exception is the manager of Ungava District, who every summer voyages aboard the *Nascopie* from the St. Lawrence to Bellot Strait and back, via Hudson Bay. The James Bay inland posts manager and the Nelson River manager also travel part of their districts in sea-going vessels.

Over these districts as well as the other five, which are managed from Edmonton and Montreal, presides the manager of the Fur Trade Department. He has dominion from sea to sea and from the St. Lawrence River unto the ends of the earth, and his office in this building is the nerve centre of the fur trade organization which covers that vast domain.

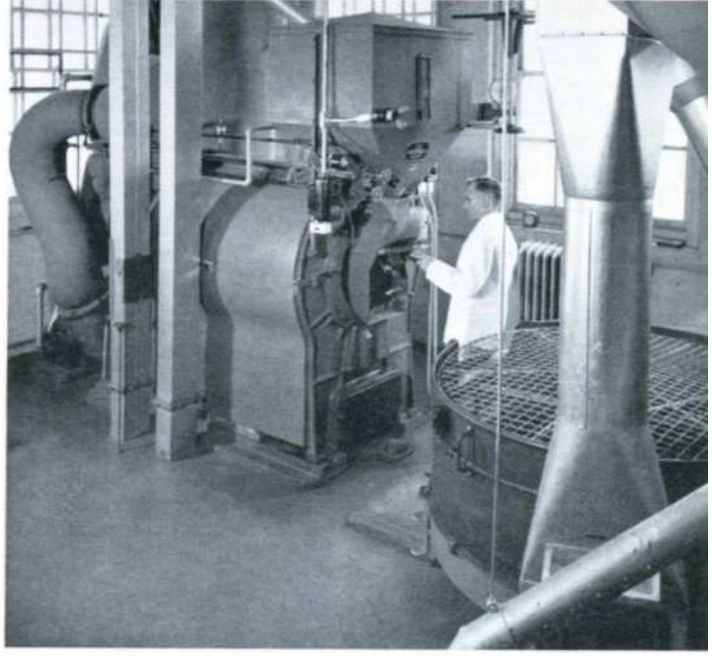
Next door to it is the office of the personnel manager, who looks after the welfare and movements of the four hundred fur traders and their families who staff the Company's one hundred and eighty posts.

In the stenographers' room, typewriters chatter out letters to all these posts, far and near. From Hudson's Bay House, the familiar yellow envelopes with the red flag travel by plane or train, by 'shoe or canoe, by dog sled, river steamer, or ocean-going vessel, some of them taking months in transit, some only a few hours.

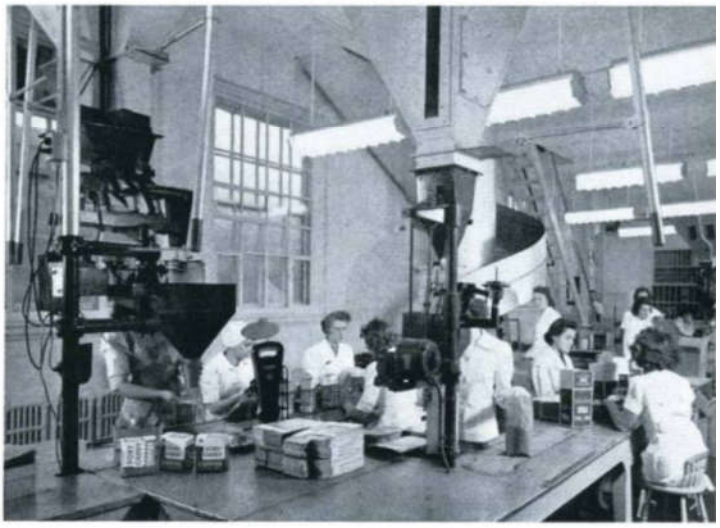
Huge photographs decorate the walls of the hallway between the offices. They depict, in beautiful examples of camera work, scenes from the northland: a post building or two, Indians on a portage, a team of huskies, Eskimos in front of a Company plane, the *Nascopie* churning through ice floes. No one who sees them could easily forget what lies in the background of this great organization. The northland makes itself felt on every hand.

Before we investigate the Fur Trade Depot, around which centres the activity of a large part of the House, let's digress a moment to look at two other sections.

More than the history of Canada is blended in this building. Part of the north end of each floor is given over to the tea and coffee roasting-blending-packaging



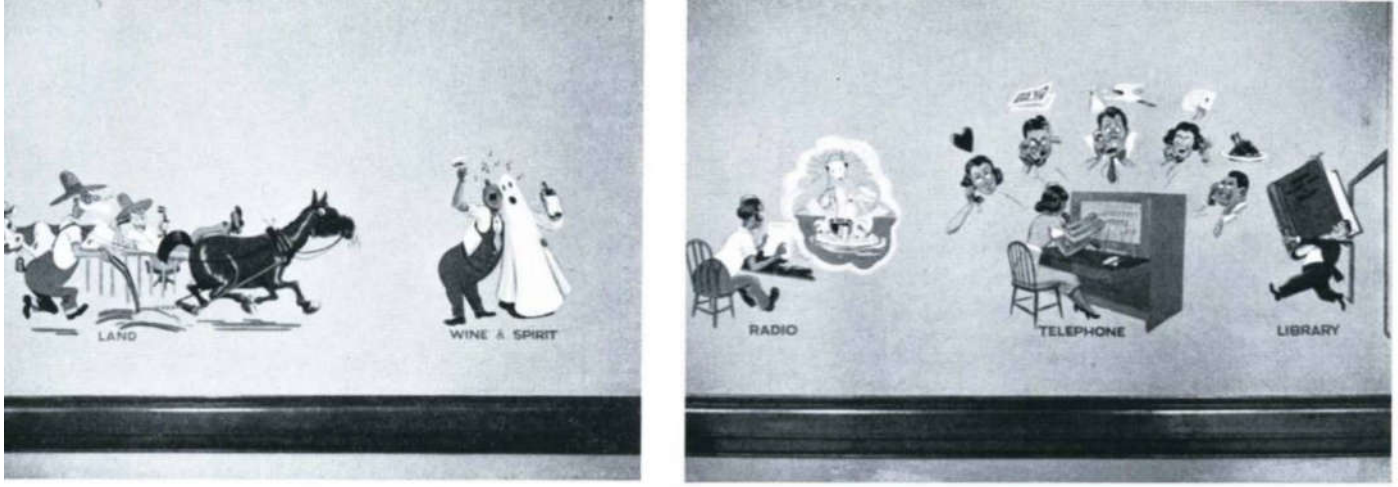
Above: Coffee beans are roasted in the machine on the left, and cooled in the drum on the right. They then drop down to the grinders on the second floor. Below: The ground and blended coffee comes down the two hoppers in the foreground to be sealed and packaged. Tea is packaged at the far end.



department, and one of the features of the building—and, indeed, of this part of Main Street—is the delicious aroma of fresh roasted coffee that wafts lingeringly down the hallways and out into the street. The Fort Garry atmosphere is one to be remembered, especially in these days of rationing.

The plant at Hudson's Bay House is up to the minute in every respect. Coffee beans from South America and other countries are fed into the hoppers on the top floor, where they are cleaned and fed into the roasters, then pass through to the grinders on the second floor, and so to the packaging department on the main floor. From there they go to the shipping room in the basement. It's a happy arrangement—every floor gets a whiff of those delicious beans.

At the south end of the third floor is the staff cafeteria, where most of the House employees have their lunch. The food is brought over every morning from the kitchens of the Winnipeg Retail Store. A feature of the bright room is the mural decorations which illustrate every activity of the House. Next to the cafe-



Coloured cartoons by Jim Simpkins of "The Beaver" strike a gay note in the staff cafeteria. The polar bear with earphones is separating an egg, in accordance with radioed instructions.

Above: Members of the staff at lunch. The cartoons represent Accounts, Fur Trade, and "The Beaver."

Below: Part of the crowd at the Fifth Victory Loan rally last fall in the Beaver Club lounge. About 250 work in Hudson's Bay House.

teria is the staff clubroom, comfortably fitted out by the Company with lounges, bridge tables and magazines.

With this quick detour, we find ourselves back on the second floor, before Sir George Simpson's picture.

Most of this floor is taken up with the Fur Trade Depot. Were old Sir George to step into it to-day, he would still find many an article in stock that weighted the York boats of a hundred years ago.

It is this mixture of the old and the new that adds so much interest to the great stockroom. Here is a stack of ice chisels, of a type used by Indians for centuries to chop holes in the ice for fishing. Next to them stand half a dozen lawn mowers. On a shelf are rugged looking old style skinning knives destined to ease the pelt from many a fox and beaver. On the very next shelf are packaged Beauty-Clip hair clippers for the posts where barbers are unknown.

In one section are snow knives, used in the Arctic to build snow houses, and as common a tool in those regions as a hammer or screwdriver is to us. Next to them are bargain-counter pie servers, surely the ultimate in contrasts!

There is many a product here that carries a breath of the icy north, the deep woods and the lonely trail, a breath that penetrates even this atmosphere of the hardware shop and general store.

Here are fishlines and nets, and webbing for dog harness, ready-made leather harness for husky teams, and bells to go with it. There are small coloured beads, such as the first trader must have carried, to decorate moccasins and buckskin jackets. The best kind came from Italy and Czechoslovakia, and a wartime shortage has reached into the far north.

There are Assomption sashes, the long woven belts still worn as they were a hundred years ago—still made in England and therefore scarce these days. There are bundles of coloured horsehair, to be sewn into designs by Indians of the northland; and "Icelandic" mitts of heavy wool which are dipped into water so they'll freeze on the outside and make a durable protection for handling lines and nets.

And there are shawls, and bolts of cotton prints, as popular with the Indians to-day as they were when they were traded in stockaded forts. Here, too, we see the "canoe" or crooked knives, a favourite with the Indians for many years. The short blade is curved up like the end of a ski, to be grasped and manipulated like a spokeshave. The style hasn't changed since they were first introduced in the early days, and they have no handles—the Indians still like to make their own.

Such preferences of the Indians and Eskimos are catered to, for it is never forgotten that the natives are the producers and the customers of the northland: they provide the raw materials—furs—as well as the market for trade goods.

Throughout the rest of the stockroom there is no end to the variety of merchandise. Mouse traps, beaver traps, zinc tubs, rolling pins; alarm clocks, ammunition, washboards, radio parts; clothing and iron stoves, butcher knives and cosmetics, needles and brooms, lingerie and shovels—a thousand and one articles pouring each year into the northland in trade for the northland's furs.

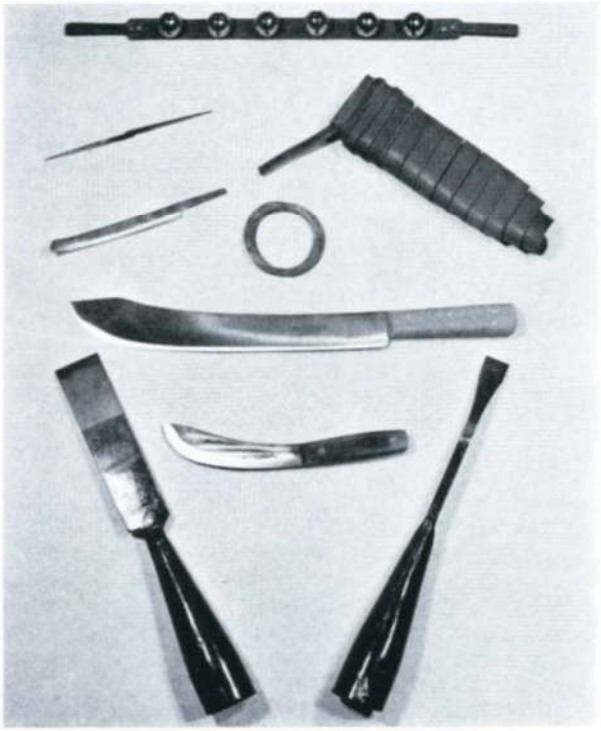
"The trend is generally towards more civilized styles," one of the staff will tell you. "Peaked caps and berets replace the old style head coverings, and shoes in some areas take the place of moccasins. Increased schooling in the far north has brought with it increased demands for the comforts of the 'outside.' But the old staples—bright cotton prints, shawls, beads, rings and ornaments—are still favourites."

At one corner of the Depot floor is the sample room, where visiting post managers may see displayed the latest in trade goods and supplies.

Practically all the ordering, of course, is done by mail. Post managers send in long lists of the goods required. Every item has its catalogue number, corresponding to the number on the shelf where it is kept, and attendants go down the aisles loading the goods into hand trucks. Some articles they obtain from upstairs on the third floor, where endless rows of merchandise stand ready.

The goods are assembled on the packing floor, adjacent to the stock room, and done up into the barrels, boxes and bales so common throughout the Canadian north. Every bale is marked with the name of the post for which it is destined, its identifying numbers and weight, and the number of the "outfit" of which it is a part.

The outfit numbers are another example of the way in which yesterday and to-day rub shoulders in the House. They have been maintained in an almost unbroken chain since the beginning of the Company in 1670; so that we see on the floor here bales for the present outfit marked "274"—for the 274th year of trade since the Company was incorporated.



Some of the "traditional" objects still found in the depot: dog-bells, canoe awl, crooked knife, tumpline, snare wire, snow knife, skinning knife, and ice chisels.

Company men compute their time by the "outfits." "He came to Winnipeg back in 270," "I was there in 272," are common references in this world of the Great Annual Shipment.

There's more than a touch of romance in contemplating the destinations of these firmly bound packages. Here are names that figure little in our usual thoughts of Canadian geography—Aklavik, Tuktuk, Igloolik, Povungnetuk, Pangnirtung, Kanaaupscow—Canadian communities that few Canadians know.

Many an adventure these same bales will have before they reach the posts. By train and river boats, or the historic steamer *Nascopie*, some of them finishing their journeys in canoes or on sleds, they will travel to the shelves of posts both near and far. Those destined for Little Grand Rapids, only one hundred and sixty miles from Winnipeg, will be carried over forty-five portages before they reach their journey's end. Perhaps an early freeze-up of the Arctic Sea will pre-

These girls collect the trade goods from the shelves for shipment to the posts.

vent the delivery of some freight entirely. Some of the far northern posts have gone as long as three years without being able to make contact with their supply ship.

From the depot the bales and boxes go down to the basement, where they are stacked to await shipment by truck or freight car. On this floor also is the Wholesale Department shipping and storage, including a humidor room where the air is soft and fragrant with the smell of fine tobaccos.

Many of the bales which roll out from the basement doors year after year are carried by the Company's own transportation services. Some you will notice are marked "Waterways." They are destined for the end of steel, three hundred miles north of Edmonton. There they will be loaded on Company river boats and start their two-thousand-mile journey down the Mackenzie to the Delta and way points.

Few of the skins which are bought by this great flood of goods ever reach Hudson's Bay House. Some faulty ones are brought here for examination in the fur laboratory by the Company biologist to detect the beginnings of any disease. But the shipments of skins go direct to the markets. In fact, although this is the headquarters for the largest fur trading organization in the world, it is a common saying that "You never see a skin in Hudson's Bay House."

To complete our tour of the Depot, we visit the model store, complete to store front, counters, shelves, and at times trade goods. The store, part of the apprentice training school, is used in training post assistants so that when they arrive in their new northern homes they will find them not too unfamiliar.

Next to the store is the radio classroom, on which more emphasis is put each year. Here each apprentice learns to send and receive in Morse. One hundred of the Company's posts have radio equipment, and it is playing an important part not only in inter-post communication and emergency messages, but in the vast meteorological report system that has been built up throughout the north.

When the last war broke out, at least one far northern Hudson Bay post did not hear about it for two years. To-day, more than a dozen posts send in radio reports every few hours, as part of the meteorological service of the Department of Transport. The messages may be used in getting a convoy safely overseas, or in planning the week-end bombing raid on Berlin. They fill a role of first importance in the air warfare and transport of to-day.

Little did Charles II dream that some day his Company of Adventurers would play a part in fighting for England by flashing home with the speed of light the state of the weather in Hudson Bay.

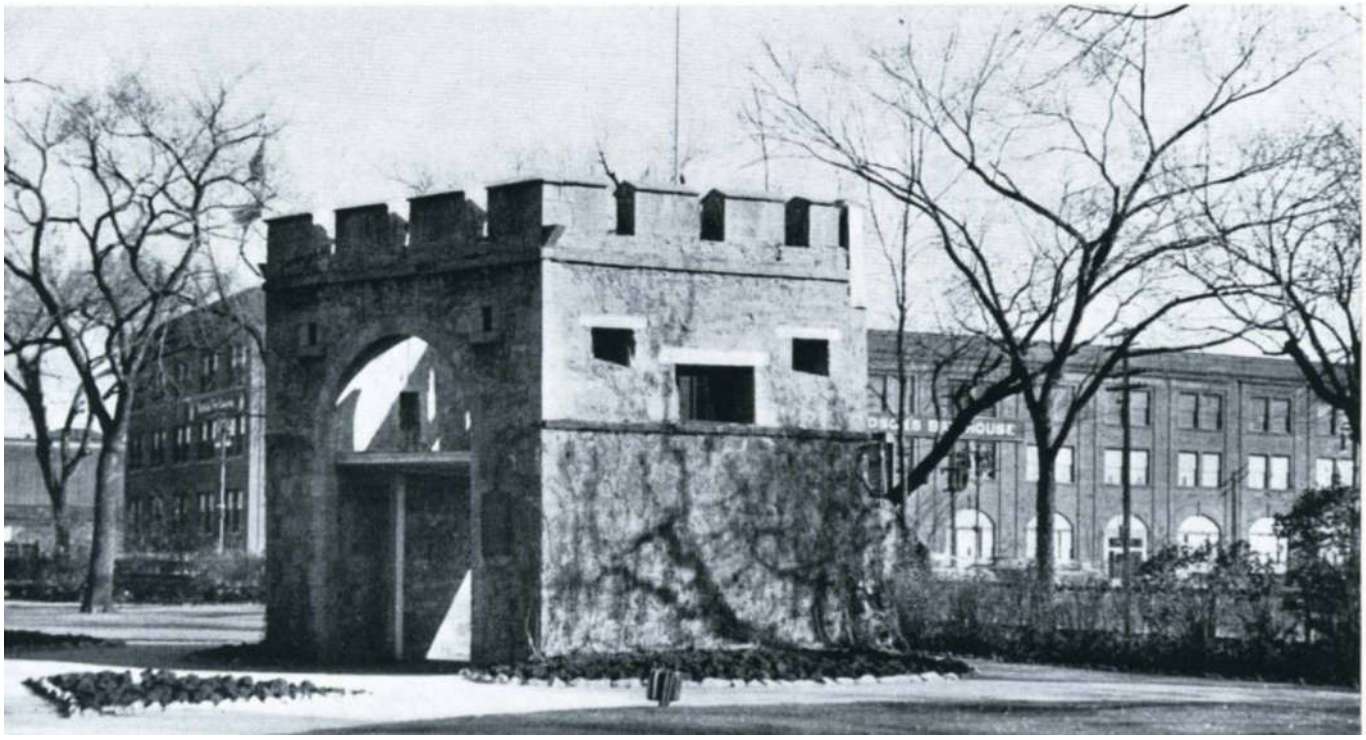
Several students are sitting at the long table in the radio classroom tapping out Morse messages for practice, and among them are two girls. Girls have been taken on locally at some of the larger posts during this war, when a staff shortage made extra help necessary, and a post manager's wife has often helped out at the store counter in an emergency; but it is only in recent months that the Company has, for the first time, taken on girls for training in radio and other post duties. It was a move forced by the wartime shortage of manpower, and the girls have been doing well.

It takes little imagination to picture the amazement of the old-timers—the bearded Scottish factors, the iron-sinewed men of the canoe brigades, the husky giants of the portages—if they could return to-day to find these young girls helping to carry on the posts of the great institution which the pioneers established.

We return to the street level of the main floor, and step out of the building into the sunshine of Main Street. Across the road in the little park, stands the sole remaining gateway of Fort Garry, built in the 1850's. Over this ground surged the life and bustle of the Company's Canadian headquarters in the days of its fur-trade empire. Only the old stone gateway remains.

To-day, Hudson's Bay House as a depot carries on the work which began in those early times. The plans of the founders have matured and far exceeded expectations. The toil and the blood of the pioneers were expended in a great and successful enterprise—an enterprise which still sees no end in sight. It marches with the times and grows with the nation; and the limits of time and of the nation appear to be its only bounds.

Hudson's Bay House stands on historic ground. In the foreground is all that remains of Upper Fort Garry.



Arthur S. Hamilton, secretary of the Mutual Underwriter Co. of Rochester, N.Y., is one of many American businessmen to whom the appeal of the North is strong. Mr. Hamilton brings some northern atmosphere into his office by displaying the seventeen H B C calendar pictures shown here. As he is on the lookout for the other fifteen, perhaps some other "Beaver" reader can help him fill in the gaps.

Here and There

An echo of the last war is this recruiting meeting at Moose Factory in 1916. The recruiting officer, sitting with folded arms, is Capt. Renison—now Rt. Rev. R. J. Renison, newly elected Bishop of Moosonee. E. G. Cadney, the photographer, says that many in the crowd answered the call.

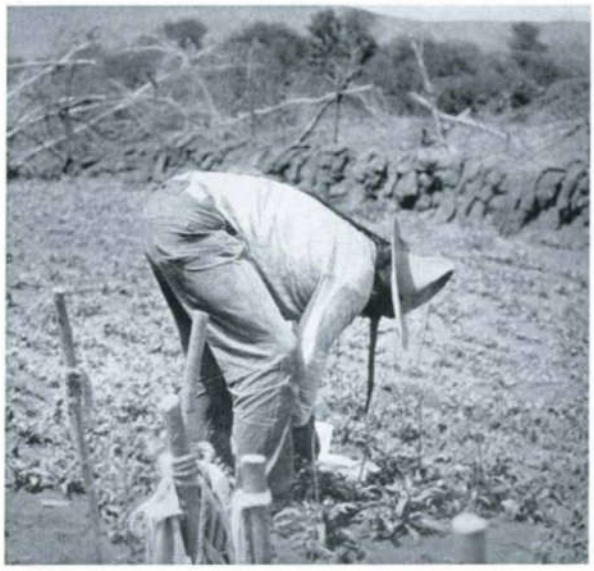
The blanket advertisement on the back of last June's "Beaver" inspired Edwin Mills, of Hamilton, Ont., to this little bit of photo montage. That's Lake Temagami out of the window—also from the June "Beaver."

A 3 lb. carrot, a 1 lb. carrot, and a 1 lb. twist.

by Marius Barbeau and Clifford Wilson

AMONG the Indians of North America the use of tobacco was originally restricted to ceremonial and ritual functions. Tobacco smoking in pipes, as a habit or pastime, is due wholly to its adoption by the Europeans. The calumet dance or *danse du calumet* of the North American Indians, for nearly three hundred years, was an essential feature of all diplomatic relations between the Indians and the white people in charge of government and the fur trade. The early explorers and voyageurs have described the use of tobacco and pipes in all treaties, councils, and in functions of every kind, in social intercourse, prayers and offerings to the spirits of nature, and as a cure for disease.

An Indian cultivating ceremonial tobacco. H. I. Smith



All the tobacco required by the companies for the fur trade was imported into Canada from abroad. Yet tobacco was grown for domestic consumption along the St. Lawrence as early as 1700, probably much earlier. A report found in the archives of the Seminary of Quebec for the period immediately following the conquest in 1760 contains the statement that "in the Province of Canada now called Quebec . . . the habitants raise and manufacture tobacco."

Indeed, as far west as the Rockies, within the Canadian borders, tobacco was well known to the natives, particularly to the Huron-Iroquois tribes, who cultivated one of its varieties. The Tobacco People, a Huron-Wyandot sub-nation, was described by Champlain as "a tribe which cultivated this herb, in which they have a great trade with other tribes."

On the north Pacific coast of our continent, among the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, a native cultivated plant called *windaw* was mixed with shell lime and inhaled through the nostrils when burning in a small container. It became quite popular among the northwestern natives of the sea coast.

But Canadian tobacco never became a commodity of the fur trade, not even among the *voyageurs* who were satisfied with it at home. All trade tobacco from the first was imported, and the Indians, still more than the servants of the great companies, proved exacting judges of the merits of imported tobacco at their disposal. This is shown by many entries in the records of the Hudson's Bay Company for various dates.

In the very first voyage made by Company ships in search of trade, a roll of tobacco costing £37 was delivered to the captains of the *Nonsuch* and *Eaglet* "for ye use of the Company." In 1670 another roll was supplied, and four years later 957 pounds of tobacco at eightpence per pound were sent out. No record exists to show where this tobacco was grown, but in 1676 the shipment is identified as "Bermudas Tobacco."

By 1684 Brazil tobacco had become the preferred type, and it retained its ascendancy for many years to come. The shipment of "many roles of Brazeele Tob." in 1685 was accompanied by the statement that: "We have made search what Tobacco the French sends to the Indians which you doe so much extoll, and have this yeare bought the like (vizt) Brazeele Tobacco, of which we have sent for each Factory, a good Quantity, that if approved of we are resolved in the future to supply you with the like. . . . It cost us treble the price."

Brazil tobacco, according to Samuel Hearne, was twisted into the form of a rope of nearly an inch in diameter, and then wound into a large roll; from which lengths were measured off for the natives. The leaf came from Trinidad and the valley of the Amazon. It was usually sold at one foot of Spencer's twist for a beaver, but a great proportion of it was disposed of in presents to the Indians in the calumet dances to secure their goodwill.

The change to Brazil tobacco brought gratifying results. The report for the following year, 1686, refers to the improvement in the situation, and approves of the establishment of the standard of trade at half a pound for a winter beaver.

In 1705, however, a new type made its appearance in the shipments to Hudson Bay, when Virginia leaf tobacco was sent out. Governor Fullertine of Albany Factory had requisitioned two hogsheads of it, but it was sent in rolls, "that lying in much Less Compass on board the Shipp." Permission was given to sell it to the Company's servants, but it was not to be used in trade with the Indians. Rates for the servants of the Company were fixed a few years later, Virginia selling for one shilling per pound, and Brazil "if any is damaged that ye Indians wont buy" for five shillings. The high cost of South American tobacco, transhipped at Lisbon and again at London, made strict economy imperative for many decades to come.

This aged Sarcee still enjoys her pipe. W. H. Boorne

A plains Indian of the 1830's holding his ceremonial pipe. From a drawing by Charles Bodmer from Prince Maximilian's "Travels." B.C. Archives

Despite its relative expensiveness, the Indians still preferred the Brazil. "It is a bewitching Weed amongst all the natives," was the opinion of one trader, "and as for the English roll, they do not care for it." The favour it enjoyed remained unchallenged throughout the years. In 1707, the Company asked Col. John Perry to write to his correspondent at Lisbon for £2000 worth of tobacco "of the Choicest & Sweetest Smell of a Small Role about the Size of a Man Little Finger to be sent by the first Convoy." Next year, an advice from Nicholas Spilman of Amsterdam stated that Brazil had risen to twenty stivers and more, because of the "Badd News" from Lisbon. To offset this in part, the Company ordered from a London tobacconist two hogsheads of Orinoco at 6½d. per pound.

The War of the American Revolution evidently sent the price of Virginia tobacco soaring. Writing to Thomas Hutchins at Albany Fort in 1782, the London board fixed the rates for tobacco sold to the Company's servants at two shillings a pound for Brazil, 2/6 for leaf, and 3/6 for English roll.

Considering the long and devious channels of trade through which the tobacco had to go before reaching its destination—from Brazil in sailing ships to Lisbon, then to a London warehouse, to York Factory by way of the Orkneys, and finally by canoe or York boat half way across the continent—it is not surprising that some of it arrived a little the worse for wear. William Tomison, the founder of Edmonton House, wrote from York Fort on August 31, 1790, that the Brazil just received proved so bad that it had quite discouraged him. By the time he arrived at the "upper Settlements," he was afraid it would be good for nothing.

The capricious disposition of the natives was such, he said, that he would become the butt of ridicule to them and the Canadians (Nor'westers). And he added that the London board could not expect an increase of trade when the principal article of which the natives were fond was of so poor a quality. For it was out of the power of the most faithful servant to do anything with the Indians when he had only bad tobacco to offer.

The Brazil tobacco available to Tomison and the posts under his management was "mouldy and rotten inside the rolls," whereas, he alleged, the Canadians' Brazil of the same year at the disposal of the rival concerns was of the best quality. A second failure in that important commodity, he pointed out, might wholly ruin the Company's interests.

The importance of tobacco in the fur trade was also emphasized by the Company's secretary, Alexander Lean, when in April 1800 he wrote to the Commissioners of the Customs in London, pleading for the prompt release of a shipment just arrived from Lisbon. This shipment, consisting of fifteen rolls, each weighing more than five hundred pounds, had been "stopt from being landed" because it ought to have come in casks, not skin packages.

To meet the objections of the customs officials, Lean alleged that the Company for the past thirty years and more had procured Brazil tobacco from Lisbon, and that it was always imported in skin packages because that was the only way to preserve it and bring it to market in a proper condition. It was immediately trans-shipped as usual to Canada.

The War of 1812-14 brought to the northern fur traders further anxieties about their tobacco supply. They are reflected in Colin Robertson's journal of 1814-15, where he mentions he will have some difficulty in procuring tobacco for the shock brigade he is taking west from Montreal to the relief of the Red River Settlement. There is a kind of tobacco adapted for the trade, he says, "which I hope his Excellency [Sir George Prevost] will give me license to bring from the States."

This tobacco was evidently that known as "North West Twist." The North West Company for a number of years had imported its tobacco from the other side of the border rather than from Lisbon via London. An entry in their account books, now in the archives of the Seminary of Quebec, contains this item: "Messrs. Lewis Farquharson & Co., Schenectady, *une commande pour du tabac;*" while an entry for the Grand Lake outfit of 1821 itemizes

"1 Roll NW Twist tobacco, 97 lb. £6,5,3
1 Bale 28 Carrots do., 87 lb. £5,12,5."

Robertson in his journal alludes to the high price of tobacco, attributable to the war, and quotes information received from an old friend that McTavish, McGillivray & Company, Montreal agents for the North West Company, had disposed of their Brazil tobacco in the hope of getting a license to import North West twist from the United States. He goes on to say that John Jacob Astor of New York was at that time the only person in America who had a quantity of the twist, but Robertson thought he might persuade Astor to let him have enough for the expedition, if he could procure a license. "I do not like," he added, "to run the risk of smuggling it."

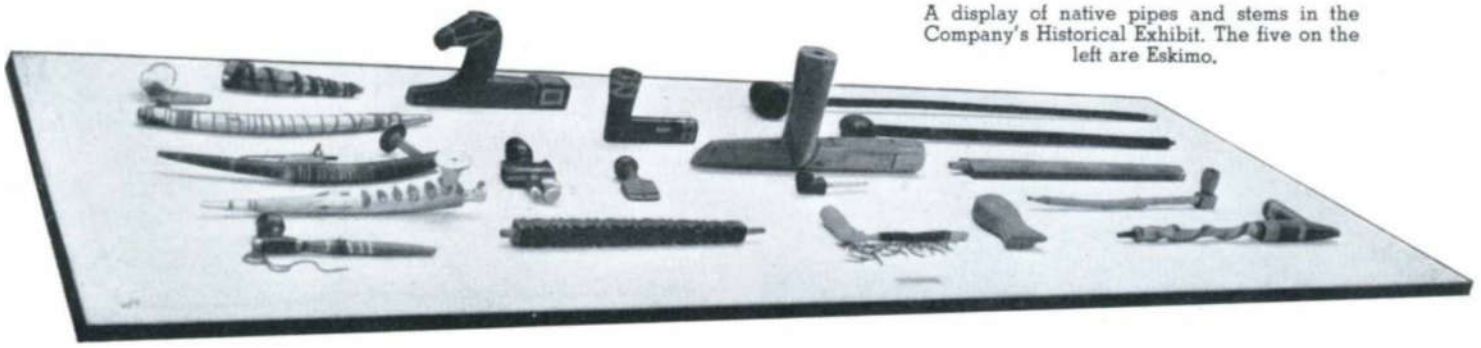
Contentment is written on the face of this Eskimo grandfather as he sucks at his pipe. Harvey Bassett

After the peace was concluded, a few months later, Robertson jubilantly wrote to Andrew Colvile, in March, 1815:

"I have got an excellent lot of Tobacco for the Indian trade which belonged to Mr. Astor. The North West Co have been obliged to purchase an inferior quality for the trading departments, as that gentleman [Astor] held every ounce of North West Twist in the Country. His enmity to the firm of McTavish, McGillivray & Co is such that he has avoided dealings with them even where profit was certain."

The variety of tobacco—carrot or roll—for the Indian trade was the object of later comments by Francis Heron in the Edmonton House Journal for 1818:

"Employed during the day trading with the Muddies [Missouri River Indians], who are a set of saucy fellows, and are really ill to satisfy owing to the NWCo offering them very high prices for their Beaver. . . . They have not as Yet got any skins from our Indians except a few for Carrot tobacco, an Article which we to our great loss have not got, and which often procures them (the NWCo) some Beaver skins. . . . To show how partial the Slave Indians are for the Carrot



A display of native pipes and stems in the Company's Historical Exhibit. The five on the left are Eskimo.

tobacco . . . I offered an Indian . . . 1½lb. of tobacco for each skin, but he refused it, saying that no offer I would make him would satisfy him, for a Carrot of NW Tobacco he must have. He went there and gave 5 Beaver skins for a Carrot weighing only 3 pounds. This will show the advantage the NWCo have over us with the Slave tribes by having this article, and will also show how much cheaper we could purchase Beaver Skins with Carrot tobacco, than with Roll tobacco. We make a kind of Carrot of the Roll tobacco, but the Indians despise it."

After the union of the two companies, George Simpson, as governor of the Northern Department, suggested that the tobacco for the fur trade should be manufactured in Canada. Writing from York Factory in September 1822, he complained that the price—2s. 6d. a pound—was too high, and pointed out that the Northern Department would require at least 250 to 300 rolls of twist each year, besides carrot.

"If your Honors determined on trying the experiment," he continued, "it would be necessary to send out the Leaf Tobacco, implements etc., and a practical Tobacconist who understands the business and would conduct it, and we have little doubt but it would be found to answer the purpose. The North West Coy. have usually been supplied by the House of Caldwell & Co. of Albany [N.Y.] whose managing Partner Mr. MacTavish is now out of employment in Montreal; this Gentleman is by all accounts perfectly Master of the Trade and could be engaged at a moderate Salary not exceeding £100 p. annum; he has the character of being addicted to Liquor but here he would have no opportunity of indulging in that unfortunate habit."

Simpson further observed that "Roll Tobacco is this season forwarded by the Executors of The Earl of Selkirk to the Colony at 1s. 5d. p. lb; this Tobacco is far superior to what we had last year and made up in packages of the proper size and make, and we beg leave to request the favor of your ordering any that may hereafter come out for this District of the same quality and made up in the same manner as that alluded to.

"In the event of your Honors not approving of our suggestion in regard to the Manufacture of Tobacco at this place, we are of opinion that it would be found expedient to get it brought from Canada by Sea: a small Vessel we suppose could be chartered for this Voyage on moderate terms annually or every second year, touch at Moose and deliver the supplies for the Southern Department, thereafter come to York."

This method of supply, however, had already been anticipated in London. Hon. William McGillivray wrote from there in June of the same year.

"I suppose in Canada Tobacco of the usual quality may be had for 1s. or 1s. 1d. p. lb. and when a small vessel is employed between Quebec & York Factory—which is intended, the Tobacco can be sent by that means—by Canoes it is out of the Question—the Expense would be too heavy."

Nevertheless, tobacco for the fur trade continued to be shipped out on the Company's vessels to the Bay, and round the Horn. Its importance is emphasized in the correspondence of Dr. John McLoughlin with London, as in that of many Company officers before him. And so it went on down the years.

As time passed, and fur trade posts gave way to settlements, new types of tobacco came into vogue. In 1892, a group of Hudson's Bay commissioned officers were asked to choose a tobacco "that would take the place, and prove in every way the equal, of the splendid tobacco which could at times be obtained from England and Scotland." They were experienced travellers—men who knew well how the solace of tobacco lightens the hardships of life in the North. The tobacco they finally chose, after a long series of tests, they dubbed "Imperial Mixture." Manufactured in Montreal, it is still a favourite in the fur trade.

Today in the North, cut tobaccos—especially fine-cut—are gradually superseding the pressed forms. As more and more natives become cigarette smokers, carrot and twist (or "nigger-head") are going into the discard. Transportation from the factory to most of the posts is much faster now than a few years ago, so that cut tobaccos, when they arrive, are still fresh and moist.

Plug, however, is still popular; and even nigger-head has a sale in some conservative districts. Little Grand Rapids, just east of Lake Winnipeg, orders over a thousand pounds of Imperial twist a year for both smoking and chewing; and it also remains popular at Deer Lake farther inland. The apparent reason for this is that using twist is "the custom of the country."

Great Whale River on the east coast of Hudson Bay, Pangnirtung on Baffin Island and Tuktuk near the delta of the Mackenzie, are the only Eskimo posts where twist is smoked in any quantity—a practice probably introduced by the whalers formerly calling there. The men smoke it, and the women chew it.

As customs change and the old-timers pass on, the demand for pressed tobaccos is bound to die out. In a few years' time, carrot and twist will probably be seen only in museums. But in whatever form tobacco is traded, it will still prove a solace and a comfort to white man and native in the North.

This old Montagnais woman prefers her tobacco in the form of a cigar. Paul Provencher

Above, left: Fort Vancouver as it appeared ninety years ago. On the right is the old Hudson's Bay Company fort, for many years headquarters of the Columbia District, where trading was carried on until 1866. On the plateau is the U.S. Army barracks. Mount Hood rears its snowy head in the distance, above the broad Columbia. From "Explorations for a Route for a Pacific Railroad," by Governor Stevens, 1855.

Above: Hudson House, a group of apartment blocks housing over five thousand bachelor workers from the Vancouver, Washington, shipyards of the Kaiser Company. The yards themselves are only a third of a mile south of the old fort site, while Hudson House is a mile distant.

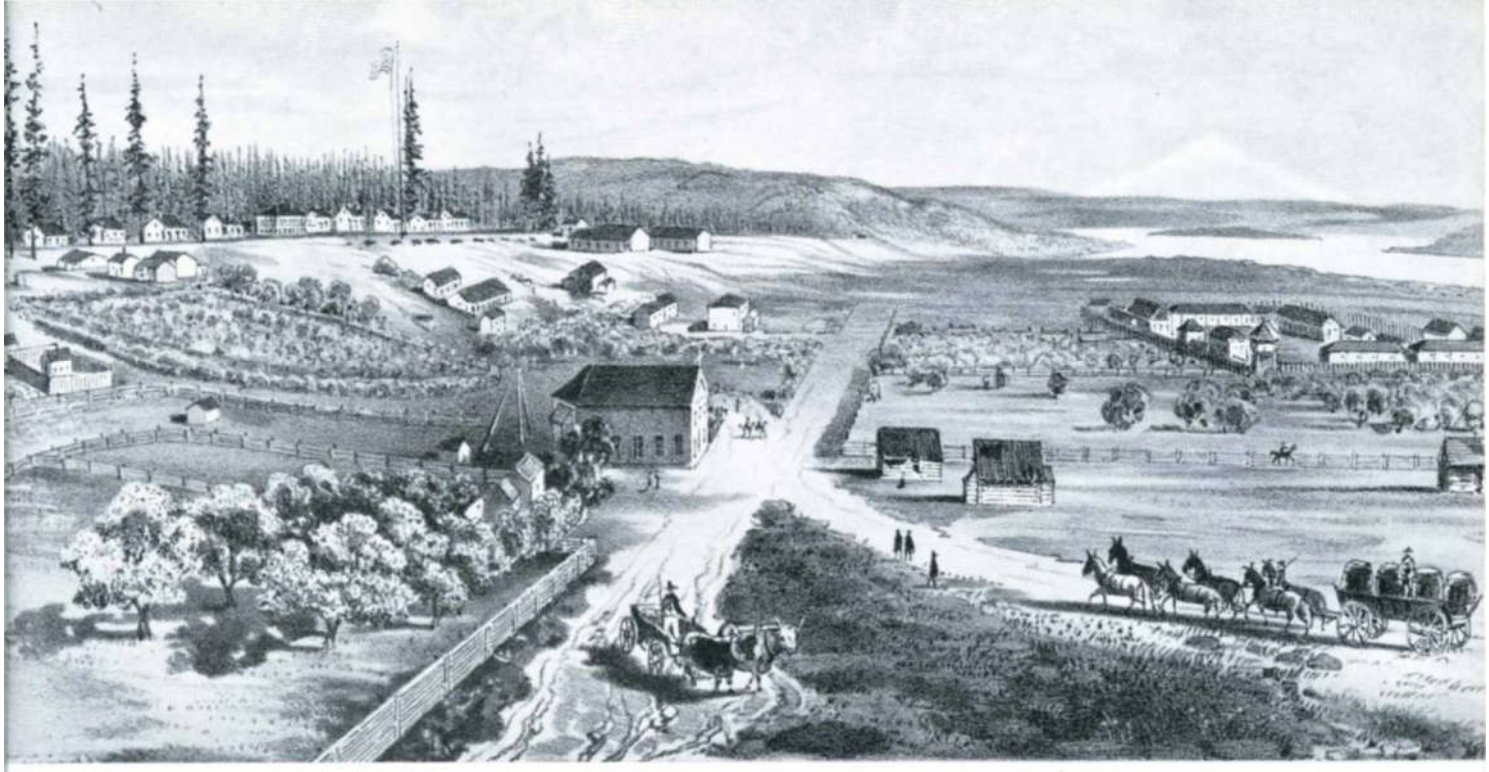
Left: McLoughlin Heights, where the married workers and their families are housed. Oregon Shipbuilding Corpn.

1854 - FORT VANCOUVER - 1944

THE striking aerial views above and to the left show developments that have taken place in the past year near the site of old Fort Vancouver. Above is "the world's largest hotel," a group of two-storey blocks built by the famous Kaiser Company to house their bachelor employees who work at the Vancouver shipyards. Named "Hudson House" on account of the city's historical connections with the Hudson's Bay Company, these temporary dormitories together house over five thousand men. Each building has four lounges for recreation; for meals the residents go to a separate building, where the dining room seats 1200 at once.

Standing a mile southeast of the old fort site, this huge project was built last year in fifty days, at a cost of $4,500,000. The building on the plateau, in the upper left hand corner, is the hospital. Note the men near the C-shaped building, and the cattle in the fields.

The picture on the left shows a comparable housing project for the families of married workers in the Kaiser shipyards. These bungalows, containing from one to four bedrooms, house in all about 25,000 people. Erected at a cost of nearly sixteen and a half million dollars, they are mostly prefabricated and demountable, so that they can be quickly taken apart, moved to another site, and re-erected. Others are permanent dwellings. Note that almost every house has its victory garden. The eleven-hundred-acre site has been named "McLoughlin Heights," in honour of the celebrated Chief Factor Dr. John McLoughlin of Fort Vancouver and Oregon.



Chief Factor Archibald McDonald

by Olive and Harold Knox

Chief Factor Archibald McDonald. B.C. Archives.

One of the distinguished company of H B C Commissioned Gentlemen who were Lords of the West a century ago.

FROM 1813 when Archibald McDonald, at the age of twenty-three, sailed on the *Prince of Wales* for Hudson Bay with a party of Selkirk settlers, he began a life of adventure and trail blazing. Fifteen times he crossed the West, which was dotted with forts along the trade routes of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Born at Glenco Appin, Scotland, McDonald had studied the rudiments of medicine. After his appointment as clerk and agent in 1812, Lord Selkirk wrote of him to Miles Macdonell at Red River: "His abilities are very good, his manners popular, and I have reason to entertain the highest confidence in his candour and fidelity. I believe you may safely trust to him anything that zeal and assiduity can accomplish. . . . I have put him upon your Council."

The Company soon discovered that McDonald was not only a man of action but a man of letters. After spending a winter at Churchill, he came to the Red River as supervisor of the band of settlers, and the next year wrote a *Narrative on the destruction of the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement upon Red River in the year 1815.*

In April 1815 James Grant, of Fond du Lac, wrote to Duncan Cameron: "Archibald McDonald is the acting man for the colony. He is proud of being called the Governor. He appears to muster the appearance of a colony to support his rank. However he and the Halfbreeds must settle that point."

In the same year, McDonald was with Lord Selkirk at the taking of Fort William from the North West Company, and then returned to the Red River, remaining there until 1820, when he became a clerk at Ile à la Crosse.

The amalgamation of the rival fur companies brought not only another move for McDonald but romance as well. While serving five years as apprentice at Fort George on the Columbia, he married "Princess" Raven (who changed her name to "Sunday" after her marriage). She was the daughter of a Chinook, Chief Com-Comly. But this romantic marriage did not last long. Princess Sunday died giving birth to her son Ranald in 1824.

Years later, Ranald described his father on the occasion of his marriage to the princess, thus: "His young manhood was of the handsomest of the sons of men; tall and of noble bearing; eagle-eyed, with face and beard of highest type and with the thews and élan of his mountain race; of magnetic touch and look, and tongue; a truly princely man!"*

Like his father, Ranald was to become an adventurer and explorer, even entering forbidden Japan, where, though imprisoned, he taught English. His story of his adventures, edited by W. S. Lewis and N. Murakami, was published in 1923 by the Eastern Washington State Historical Society in a limited edition. It is interesting to note that two of Ranald's pupils, Moriyama and Tokojiro, were later interpreters in negotiations with Perry when Japan lifted her ban against the outside world.

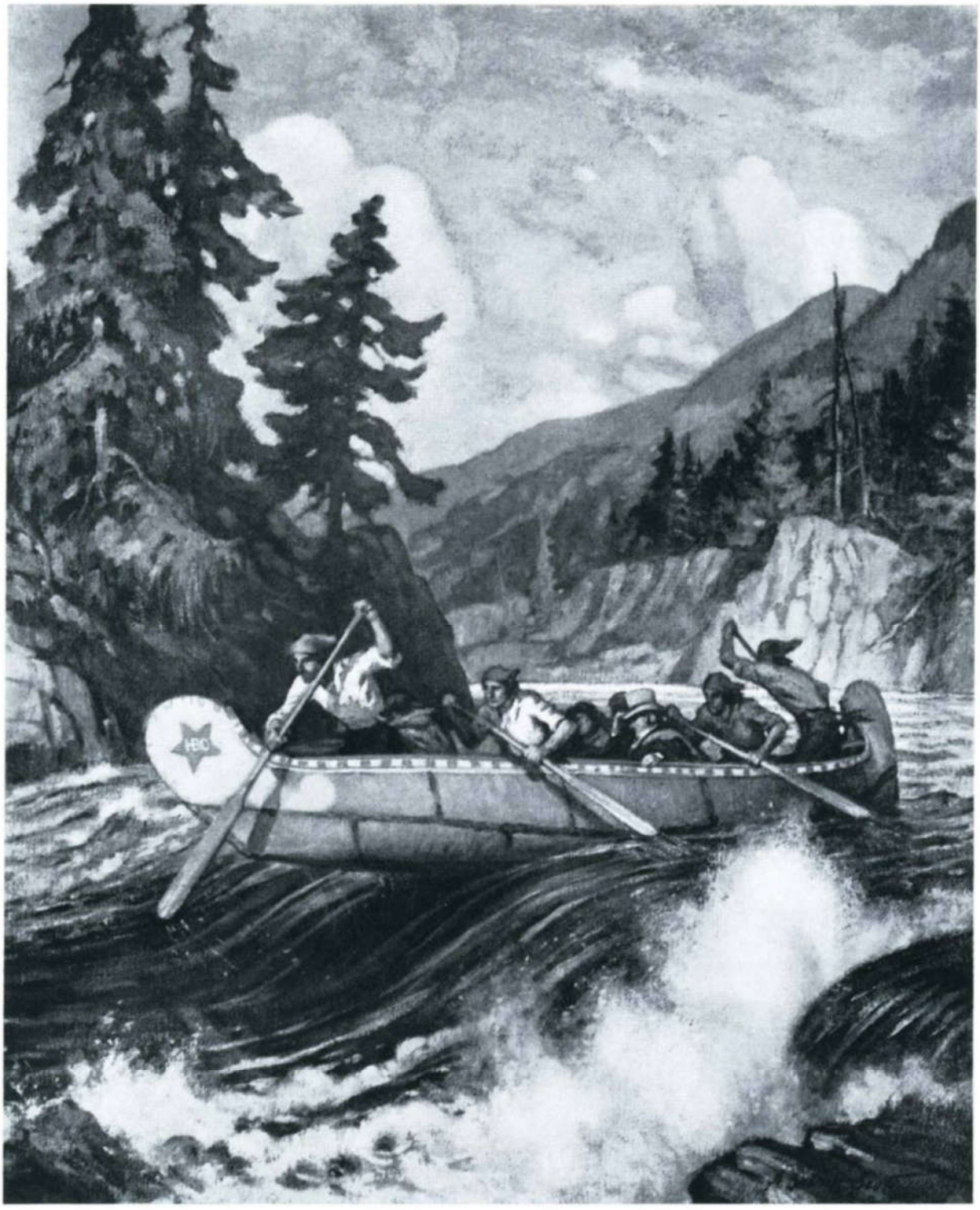
A year after the princess's death, Archibald married Jane Klyne, a girl of sixteen who had been helping to care for little Ranald. Jane's father was Michel Klyne, a Dutch Canadian who had been in the service of the North West Company in 1798 and was retained by the Hudson's Bay Company after the coalition of 1821.

Three years after his marriage to Jane, Archibald became a chief trader. That year (1828) the "commissioned gentlemen" gathered at York Factory for the council meeting with George Simpson, and not at Norway House as was the usual custom. According to Malcolm McLeod, Norway House had been demolished by a fire and was being rebuilt by his father, John McLeod.

When the meeting was over, McDonald accompanied Governor Simpson on his trip to the Pacific. Combining his aptitude as a writer with his ability as a traveller, McDonald kept a journal of the trip, which in 1872 was published by Malcolm McLeod, with copious notes.

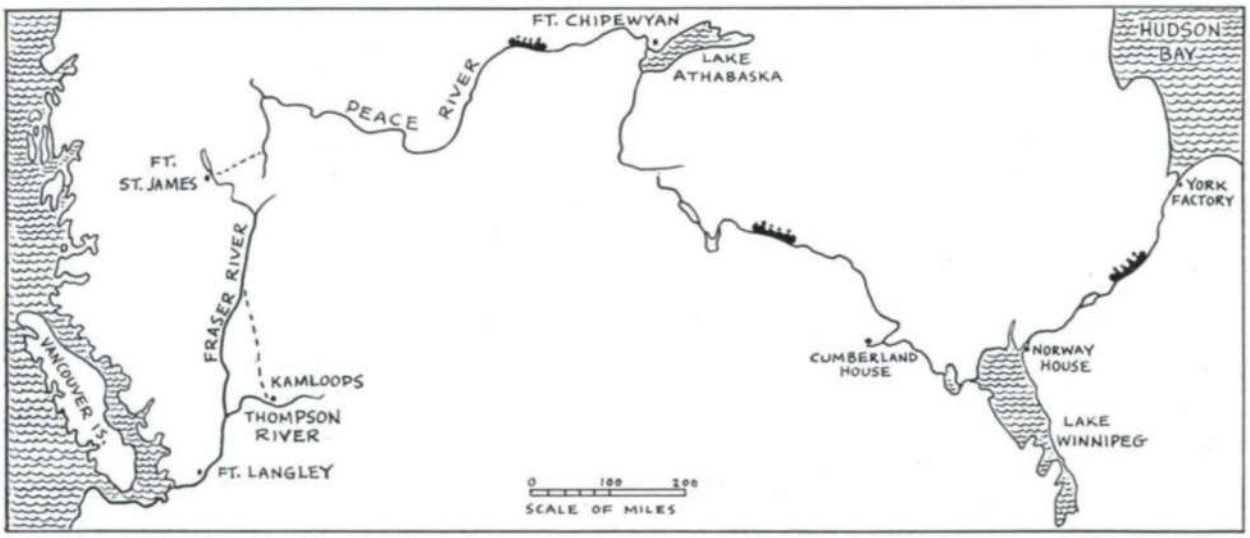
The journal itself is absorbing. Of their departure from York Factory on July 12, McDonald wrote: "At

*This quotation is from a MS. in the archives of British Columbia which was unfortunately edited by Malcolm McLeod, a person given to flowery verbiage.—Ed.



This year's HBC calendar picture, from a painting by A. Sherriff Scott, R.C.A., shows McDonald descending the Fraser River on his historic journey with Simpson in 1828.

one a.m. the crews of two 'Light Canoes' consisting of nine men each, were in motion, carrying provisions and baggage to the water side; and in a few minutes after, the Governor in Chief, Doctor Hamlyn and myself, were accompanied down to our craft by fourteen commissioned gentlemen and about as many clerks. After something more than the usual cordial shake of the hand from all present, we embarked with three cheers under a salute of seven guns from the Garrison, and against a strong tide, were soon round the first point by the free use of the paddle and one of its accompanying 'voyageur' airs.



McDonald's route of 1828. The dotted lines show the "portages" overland, on foot or horseback.

"Our baggage and stores consist of:

2 'Cassettes.'	2 Kegs Spirits
1 Paper Trunk	2 " Porter
1 Case	1 Tinnet Beef
2 Baskets	1 Bag, fine pemican
1 Bag, Bread	2 Bags, pemican for men
1 Bag, Biscuit.	2 Tents.

Our three beds, the mess cooking utensils, the usual 'agrès' [outfits] for the canoes, besides the men's own 'paetons' [packs]."

The second day out from York Factory was Sunday and they entertained themselves by riding in the Governor's canoe and having . . . "Colin Fraser to give us a few of his favorite strathspeys on the bagpipes, that went off very well to the ear of a Highlander, but as yet makes but a poor accordance with either the pole or the paddle. This decent young man is lately from the Highlands, and on this voyage, accompanies the Governor in the double capacity of piper and assistant servant etc."

Still, the trip wasn't all music. There were rain and hail storms, mosquitoes, heat and leaking canoes to endure. There were hours of "tracking" against strong currents, and many portages to make.

It was a 3260-mile journey from York Factory to Fort Langley, and all but eighty miles of it was made in canoes. They travelled fast in those days—especially when the "Little Emperor's" eyes were on them. Ninety days out from York Factory found them at their destination, and since sixty-three of those days were spent in actual travelling, it meant that they averaged over fifty miles a day.

The route of 1828 was the early one followed to the west coast. Norway House was reached in a week. Leaving there they followed the Long Portage route (described in the December *Beaver*), paddling from the Methy Portage to Chipewyan in three days, and averaging sixty miles a day. The route then led them up the Peace River and across to the Fraser by way of the Parsnip and Stuart Lake.

In spite of their speed the travellers never failed to take time to make an impressive arrival at the forts. Here again, music played an important part. In McDonald's journal, the most picturesque of the arrivals was at Fort St. James on the 17th of August.

"The day as yet, being fine," wrote McDonald, "the flag was put up; the piper in full Highland costume; and every arrangement was made to arrive at Fort St. James in the most imposing manner we could for the sake of the Indians. Accordingly, when within a thousand yards of the establishment, descending a gentle hill, a gun was fired, the bugle sounded, and soon after, the piper commenced the celebrated march of the clans—*Se coma leum cogadh na shea* (Peace: or War, if you will it otherwise). The guide, with the British ensign led the van, followed by the band; then the Governor on horseback, supported behind by Doctor Hamlyn and myself on our chargers, two deep; twenty men, with their burdens, next followed the line; then one loaded horse and lastly, Mr. McGillivray [William] closed the rear. During a brisk discharge of small arms and wall pieces from the Fort, Mr. Douglas [James] met us a short distance in advance, and in this order we made our *entree* into the Capital of Western [New] Caledonia. . . ."

Those light-hearted travellers made use of music to intrigue and amuse the Indians, no matter where they

In this picture (also by Mr. Scott) from the 1932 H B C calendar, Simpson and McDonald are shown being welcomed by James Douglas at Fort St. James, B.C.

The late Colin Fraser, of Fort Chipewyan, son of Sir George's piper, holds the bagpipes that his father played on the transcontinental journey of 1828. O. Sprungman.

met them, deriving no doubt a certain amount of entertainment for themselves. McDonald relates an amusing incident of an evening spent with a few carriers. "The bagpipes pleased them to admiration," he wrote, "as well as the bugle, but it was the musical snuff box that excited their astonishment most, especially when it was made to appear to be the Governor's Dog that performed the whole secret."

From Fort St. James the party took canoe to Alexandria on the Fraser. Here they mounted horses and rode to Kamloops, leaving James Murray Yale to bring the two canoes down to the forks of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers. At Kamloops they took a boat and sped down the Thompson.

Their descent to Fort Langley near the seacoast —which is pictured on this year's H B C calendar in a spirited painting by A. Sherriff Scott—was the highlight of the whole voyage from coast to coast. Simpson's object in taking this route was to find out if the river was really impracticable as a trade route, as Simon Fraser and John Stuart had reported after their exploration of it twenty years before.

Archibald McDonald, like a true northern man, is almost casual in his description of the perils they encountered while their boat and two canoes ran the rapids of the Thompson and Fraser. Three entries will suffice to show the dangers of this part of the voyage:

October 8—"Off at six a.m. [down the Thompson]. Three strong rapids to Nicumine: ran all without examination by seven. Visited all the rest for about a mile which comprehended the four principal ones: the second and last very dangerous indeed. In the latter we were nearly swamped, for in three swells we were full to the thafts [thwarts], and the danger was increased by the unavoidable necessity of running over a strong whirlpool while the boat was in this unmanageable state. Left this place at eight, and in another hour, after running the worst places, arrived at the Grand Forks [of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers], where we were much gratified to find Mr. Yale and our people quite safe and well. The meeting is rendered still more interesting, from the circumstance of both parties descending rivers that were never run before [in certain parts] and that were always considered next to impossible."

October 9—"Arrived at the head of the Fall. Examined it minutely. Boat undertook to run right down mid-channel: did so, keeping rather in eddy to the right, and did not ship more than we had on one or two occasions already experienced. . . . At least half the distance, the river is deeply imbedded in the solid rock, and the other half is of bold rapids, with, however, plenty of water all over."

October 10—"The river in no part of this day's work was more than a hundred and twenty paces, and often not quite half that in width. . . . Started at broad day-light and in twenty-five minutes came to the head of Simpson's Falls, where the river is choked up by a most solid rock of about half an acre in extent. . . . The East lead was then determined upon, crossed, and run without landing on that side, by the Guide who rushed on with his bark canoe, and a safe arrival below was effected, but not without much risk in the whirlpools against the enemy [the rocks] that hung over us. The boat followed but did not suffer in the eddies so much, as it did by being swallowed in the swell of the Fall, out of which the utmost power of twelve paddles could not keep it."

Such a turbulent voyage proved beyond a doubt that the conclusions of Fraser and Stuart had been right. Five months later, Simpson wrote to the Governor and Committee in London: "I should consider the passage down, to be certain Death, in nine attempts out of Ten. I shall therefore no longer talk of it as a navigable stream."

For McDonald, the trip ended at Fort Langley, which Simpson had hoped to make the Company's Pacific coast depot in the event of the Fraser's navigability. There he spent the next five years. While there he inaugurated the business of salting and curing Pacific salmon for market. But his executive and business ability carried him still further. According to a manuscript in the Dominion archives: "It was Archibald McDonald who in 1833, introduced to the notice of the Company the idea of raising flocks and herds on the Pacific Coast. The site first proposed was on the Sacramento River, California. This was the origin of the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company."

In 1832 George Simpson entered his opinion of Archibald McDonald in his secret book of character sketches of men in the Hudson's Bay Company. Although he had a few critical remarks to make about McDonald, he had much to say in his favour: "A shrewd, clear headed man . . . a generally useful man who will not do anything really bad or tell direct falsehoods—fond of conviviality, enjoys a Glass of Grog . . . expresses himself tolerably well on paper and is better informed, and would make a better figure on our Council Board than many of his colleagues or even than the majority of those now seated there."

McDonald left Fort Langley in 1833 to take charge of Fort Colvile, where he remained until 1844, becoming a chief factor in 1841. According to McDonald's letters to his friend E. Ermatinger, he and Jane lived a happy married life. They had twelve sons and one daughter, but three of their children died in seven days of scarlet fever at Fort Edmonton.

In 1844 McDonald was granted leave of absence, and from that time until his retirement to Glencoe

House, on the Ottawa River, he took no active part in the fur trade.

The journal of his memorable trip down the Fraser was evidently of service to the Company, however, when the Oregon route to the coast became impracticable and the Hudson's Bay wished to survey a direct route through the mountains. The following letter (now in the A. Anderson papers in the British Columbia archives), written by Archibald McDonald to Chief Trader A. Anderson, certainly shows that his opinion was sought.

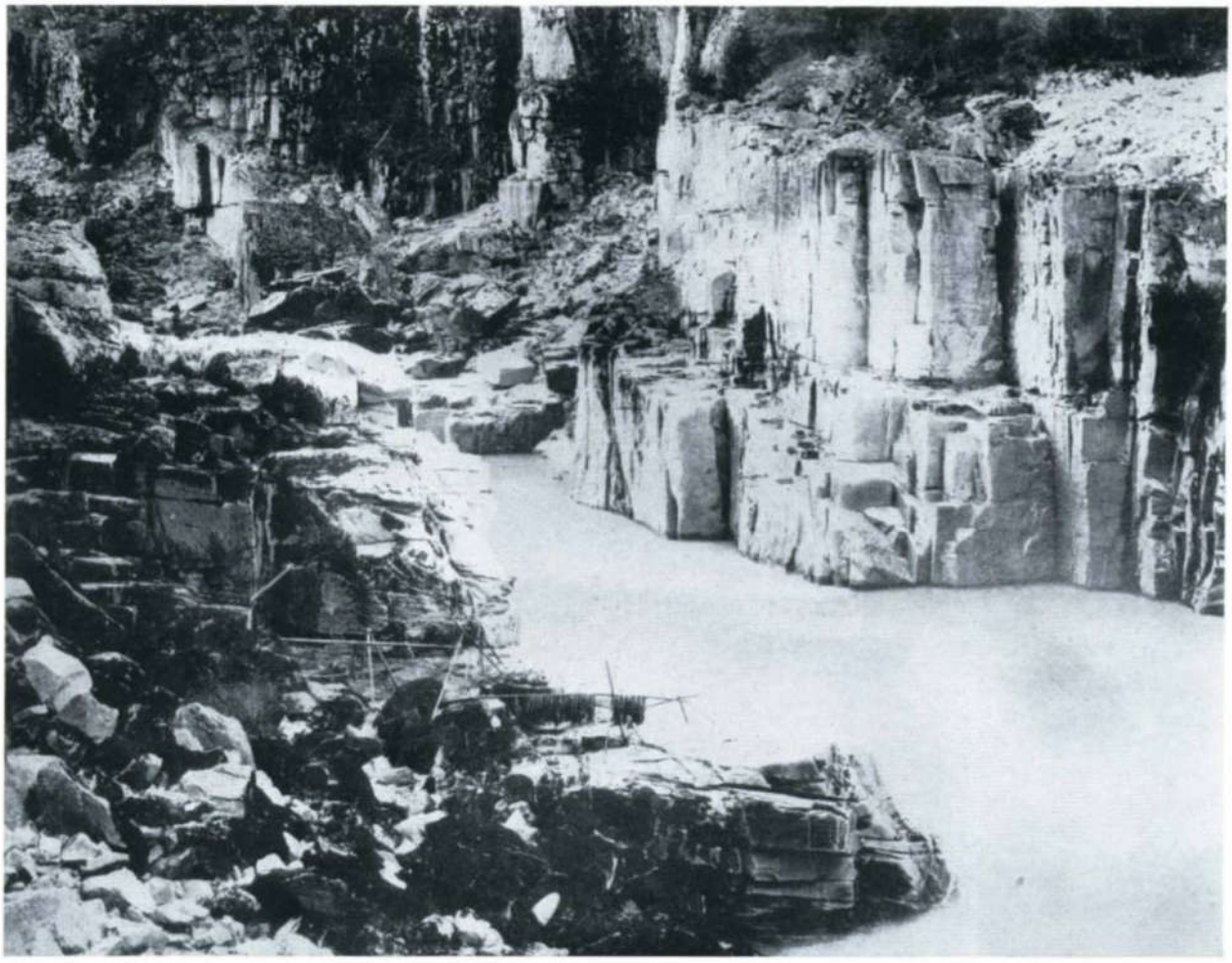
"Coulton Bay, Glencoe, 12th April 1849.

"Your very explicit and to me very intelligible account of the progress made in opening a new communication with the interior via the F. River, I perused with much interest and did really 'recall old recollections.' I have just read over my own old notes that I happen to have by me of the 7, 8, 9 and 10th of Oct, 1828, touching the descent from Kamloops to Langley. What you say of the existence of certain ravines for portages behind the masses of rock detached from above and imperceived by us from the water, I readily admit may be the case. We did, however, land at the head of the portage you described at the Falls, with the view of carrying the Canoes, but our Boat preferred running. Again, lower down on same side, they actually did carry the bark canoes, but I ran with the Boat—From Langley to the Falls can always be managed with time, and the difficulties of the other 15 miles by water to your Kegmellose Station may I think during low water be overcome also; but I fear the depth of snow in the mountains till late, will not admit of your availing yourself of the good water before freshets come on—Columbia Boats in my opinion, are preferable to Batteaux, at all events to begin with—Suitable pasture for the horses I am doubtful of for the first 3 or 4 days from below—of course the good will of the natives must be secured—I shall be most anxious to hear how the first attempt to navigate succeeded last season. One thing very certain: to continue the navigation of the Columbia subject to the laws, ordinance and restrictions of the Oregon legislature is impossible."

It appears also that McDonald's journal was of help in locating part of the transcontinental line of the C.P.R. W. S. Lewis, writing in the Washington Historical Quarterly of April 1918, states that "A Mr. Duncan MacDonald (no relative), one of the locating engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway and a friend of the family, knowing of these journals, acquired possession of them from Mr. Malcolm McLeod, administrator of Archibald McDonald's estate. The information contained in these journals is said to have proved of great value in deciding on the location of the projected Canadian Pacific Railway."

Archibald McDonald died in 1853 at the age of sixty-three. His descendants are still living in Quebec, London, Vancouver, California, and Montana.

An old photo of Hell's Gate canyon on the Fraser, where "the river is deeply imbedded in solid rock." B.C. Archives



Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper

In the *London Gazette* of January 1st, it was announced that His Majesty the King had signified his intention of conferring the honour of knighthood upon Patrick Ashley Cooper, Esquire, lately Director General of Finance, Ministry of Supply.

Sir Patrick is the present Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company—a position which he has held since 1931, and which has been graced in former years by many other distinguished men of rank and title. Recognized as one of the leading men of business in the city of London, he is a director of the Bank of England, a member of the London Passenger Transport Board (which runs the buses and the underground railways in the greater metropolitan area), chairman of Trinidad Leaseholds, Ltd., and a director of several other important companies, including some in South Africa and South America. He was also a member of the Air Ministry Advisory Committee in 1936, and of the Royal Commission to the Rhodesias and Nyasaland in 1938.

As Governor of the Company he has visited Canada and the United States several times, the last being in 1939, just before war was declared. On that occasion he paid the traditional "rent" to the King in Winnipeg, then set out on an inspection trip of many of the Company properties in Canada. On his return from Victoria, he boarded the Company plane at Edmonton and flew north as far as Aklavik, visiting posts of the British Columbia and Mackenzie-Athabasca districts en route—and covering five thousand miles in a week.

Sir Patrick is also the first of the thirty governors to see the great inland sea from which the Company derives its name. In 1934 he went north on the *Nascopie*, calling in at several posts along the Labrador coast and around the Bay, and finishing his voyage at Churchill (see page 21).

The Governor's home is at beautiful Hexton Manor, in Hertfordshire, where he and Lady Ashley Cooper have extended the kindliness of their hospitality to many a Company man in the Canadian forces overseas.

The staff of the Company in Canada were delighted to learn of the distinction conferred upon their governor, and they look forward to the pleasure of seeing him once more on this side, when the demands of his work in England relax sufficiently, to permit another visit to the ancient domains of his predecessors.

McLoughlin's Letters

The sixth volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, *McLoughlin's Fort Vancouver Letters, Second Series, 1839-44*, should be out this spring. The introduction has been written by Dr. W. Kaye Lamb, of the University of British Columbia, who did such an outstanding job of the introduction to the first series. Though comparatively short, it deals in detail with Simpson's reorganization of the fur trade on the Pacific Coast in 1841-2, and with the murder of McLoughlin's son at Stikine in April 1842. Both these important events had bearing on the strained relations which existed from 1841 onwards between McLoughlin and Simpson. The seventh volume will carry the remainder of McLoughlin's correspondence with London, from July 1844 to 1846. In his introduction, Dr. Lamb will discuss the problems of American immigration into Oregon, the trapping expeditions, and trade with the Russians.

O. B. E.

Well deserved recognition of nearly a quarter-century of service in the Arctic came to Captain Thomas F. Smellie on December 30 last, when the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, at the request of the Governor-General, invested him with the insignia of an Officer of the Order of the British Empire. It was the first time that a lieutenant-governor of this province had conducted such an investiture. The citation he read stated that the award was being bestowed "for public service in connection with the Arctic as commander of the Canadian steamship *Nascopie*."

Captain Smellie entered the service of the Company in January 1916, and took command of the S.S. *Baycross*. In October 1917 he was transferred to the command of the *Nascopie*. Since then he has been continually employed in Arctic navigation, with the exception of four years spent as superintendent of Mackenzie River Transport. Holding his master's ticket in sail as well as in steam, the captain has met many an adventure at sea, from North Cape to Cape Horn. But he is best known as the foremost living authority on the navigation of Eastern Arctic waters.

Johnny's in Town

Johnny Berens, famed Mackenzie River pilot, came "outside" last December to see the sights. Born at Fort Simpson in 1871, he had never been on a train, though he had visited Edmonton in '98, before there was a railway linking that city with Waterways. Edmonton and Winnipeg of '43 were quite a revelation to Johnny. Things moved much too fast for his liking, but that didn't discourage him from really "doing the town" in his own way.

In Winnipeg he spent about a week, visiting such interesting places as the Company's retail store, radio station CKRC, Canada Packers' abattoir, Hudson's Bay House, an overall factory, a cap factory, and the plant of Saults & Pollard where *The Beaver* is printed. In H. B. House he found some old friends he had known on the River in other days. Newspaper reporters arrived to interview him and take his picture. The curator of the Historical Exhibit showed him some of the museum's storage collection, and learned much from Johnny's answers to questions. And the editor of this magazine quizzed him about early days in the Mackenzie valley. Sometimes he chose to spend hours sitting comfortably in the rotunda of the fur trade offices quietly smoking his pipe and watching the people come and go.

On his schedule was a visit by plane to Berens River, on Lake Winnipeg, where his cousin William (whom he has never seen) is chief. But the late freeze-up prevented him from making this side-trip into the country of his ancestors.

We imagine that Johnny had a good deal to tell the home folks when he got back to Fort Smith about the people he met, and the sights he saw, in the big cities; and we wish we could hear him tell it. Though he was keenly interested in everything he saw, his attitude towards it all was not one of open-mouthed wonder. Far from it. In his seventy-three years in the North, he seems to have become imbued with the simplicity and stability of that country of wide rivers and great distances, and his judgment of things and men is seasoned and unhurried. Few who have talked with him, from governors-general down, have failed to be impressed with his homely wisdom and native dignity.

Colonel Osler

The West lost a distinguished citizen, and the Hudson's Bay Company a valued member of its Canadian Committee, in the death last December 8 of Lt.-Col. Hugh F. Osler. One of the pioneer financiers of the prairie country, Colonel Osler came to Winnipeg in 1903, as a young man of twenty-two, to join the financial firm of Osler, Hammond & Nanton.

In the last war he served as second-in-command of the Camerons. At the time of his death, he was president of Osler, Hammond & Nanton, now one of the leading financial houses of the Canadian West, and a director of several other concerns. He was appointed a member of the Canadian Committee in 1939.

Contributors

Of the contributors to this issue who are not already well known to *Beaver* readers, FRANK H. ELLIS, of Vancouver, has made a special study of early flying in the North, and is writing a book on the subject. . . . MR. AND MRS. HAROLD KNOX, of Winnipeg, are both students of Canadian history, who last summer spent several weeks doing research in Victoria. . . . SHANE MACKAY is the elder son of the late Douglas MacKay and Mrs. MacKay, both former editors of *The Beaver*. . . . J. LEWIS ROBINSON is geographer of the Eastern Arctic. . . . BRIAN TOBIN is western manager for the British United Press.

Scarce Beavers

Beavers are scarce—at least, some of them are. We refer to the printed, rather than the furred, variety. Under the restrictions of war time, we cannot use more print paper in 1944 than we did in 1942; but the demand for *The Beaver* is going up every issue. Paid subscriptions are now well over the 5,000 mark, and subscribers often ask for back numbers. The March 1943 issue is nearly out of print, and the September issue, owing to the popularity of the Canol story, is almost as scarce. The December number, at the time of going to press, was selling at forty cents.

So, if you have any copies of these particular numbers you don't want, we will be glad to buy them off you at a price considerably in excess of the original twenty-five cents. Naturally, the copies must be in good enough condition to be salable.

A. J. Watson

One cannot look at the series of portraits by Kathleen Shackleton in this issue without being impressed with the long periods of service given by these fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company. Yet long service in the H B C is by no means confined to the fur trade. An instance of this was very pleasantly observed last January, when at the annual store managers' conference a presentation was made to A. J. Watson, manager of the Victoria store, whose retirement in January brought to a close nearly thirty-five years with the Company in Vancouver and Victoria. In his honour, a banquet was held by Company officials at the Empress Hotel, during which C. S. Riley, chairman of the Canadian Committee, presented him with an exquisitely wrought silver rose bowl, on behalf of the Company he had served so long and with such distinction. As manager of the store in Victoria for twenty years, he had become a well known figure in the life of the evergreen city, and there he will continue to live, in his charming home overlooking Cadboro Bay.

BOOK REVIEWS

DOWN NORTH, by the Right Honourable Malcolm MacDonald. Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1943. 274 pages.

THE Right Honourable Malcolm MacDonald, United Kingdom High Commissioner to Canada, has here given us a highly readable and authentic story of Northwest Canada. His book is based chiefly on an aeroplane trip through Northern Alberta and B.C., the Yukon, and the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories.

There have been many books written by travellers in these regions. Few if any have been quite as readable or quite as authentic. In too many cases the authors have set themselves up as authorities with inadequate justification. In others they have taken the opportunity to foist rabid political ideas on their readers. Malcolm MacDonald has done neither, which is refreshing.

The trip was made in 1942. Mr. MacDonald's companions were the Hon. T. A. Crerar and Dr. Charles Camsell, respectively Minister and Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources of the Dominion Government. There could be few better guides to the north than these two, and MacDonald drew extensively on their knowledge. He disarms critics at the start by acknowledging his story is based on only brief observation and study, and is a picture of the north at the time he saw it. He says "the book has really been made by the explorers, trappers, Indians, Eskimos and other characters whom I had the pleasure of meeting in the north." Comparatively few could have gathered as much information in as short a time.

Down North is a veritable encyclopaedia of the northwest. Chapter I is highly recommended as a brief account of the Hudson's Bay Company's history. It is tackled from an original viewpoint, and is not simply a rehash of what others have written. Chapter II swings into the air tour, which started at Ottawa and led to Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton. From Edmonton it followed the Alaska Highway route to Whitehorse. Then it swung down the Yukon River to Dawson, and from there to Old Crow, Aklavik, up the Mackenzie to Norman, into Port Radium on Great Bear Lake, to Yellowknife on Great Slave and back to civilization via Fort Smith and Chipewyan.

At each stage of the journey Mr. MacDonald weaves in the stories, in highly entertaining cameo form, of events of local importance. The Klondyke gold rush, the growth of northern aviation, the reindeer venture, the Alaska Highway and Canol Project, the mining developments at Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes and one thousand and one smaller sagas of the north are vividly and accurately described.

The chapters on the visit to the Indian settlement at Old Crow are particularly enjoyable. Part of the reason for the trip was to visit and thank the Indians there on behalf of the British Government for remarkable gifts of money they had sent to the bombed-out children of London. The party spent several days at Old Crow, which is typical of many settlements in the north, and the charm of the country and character of its people are vividly and sympathetically portrayed.

Realizing one cannot know the north, even sketchily, without seeing it in its garb of snow and ice, Mr. MacDonald arranged a special winter trip by air as far as Coppermine for this very purpose, the account of which rounds out the last chapter of the book.

Malcolm MacDonald is a charming and talented young man. If he were not talented he would never have been a cabinet minister in the British Government at the age of thirty-four or sent to Canada as High Commissioner in wartime. And without charm he could never have persuaded the people of the north to open their hearts and minds as they must have done. His enquiring mind and simple but vivid style have produced a fine, informative book. There are a few minor inaccuracies, but they in no way spoil it. The Hudson's Bay Company thinks so much of it that one hundred copies of the first printing have been bought for the libraries of northern posts. We recommend it highly to all interested in the northwest. —*R.H.G.B.*

BY WATER AND THE WORD, A transcription of the diary of the Right Reverend J. A. Newnham, by Mrs. F. P. Shearwood. Macmillan, Toronto, 1943. 215 pages.

THE late Bishop Newnham arrived as a young man at Moose Factory in August 1891. From then until 1904 he made many remarkable journeys through the territory of the "Old Fur Trade." While Mrs. Shearwood's book sets out to record for posterity the indefatigable travels of a truly pioneer bishop, the story is of particular interest to northerners in that it describes modes of travel through the fur country which are no longer extant. The description of the voyage on the H B ship *Lady Head* from Scotland to Moose Factory shows the perils, the difficulties and the dangers incident to a sailing ship voyage navigating the ice fields of Hudson Strait and Bay. This is in great contrast to the comfort and conveniences of the modern fur trader in the same area, whether travelling by the H B steamer *Nascopie*, or by rail to Moose Factory. More often, however, your modern fur trader travels by air over vast stretches of the Diocese of Moosonee, covering in a few hours journeys which at the beginning of the century took weeks and months by canoe and portage.

One enlightening chapter concerns the cordial relations existing between the Missions and the Company. Across the pages of the book pass such stalwarts of the Fur Trade as Dr. Alexander Milne, Chief Factor Fortescue, W. K. Broughton, Alan Nicholson, Captain J. G. Ford of the *Lady Head*, Captain Taylor of the *Mink*, Ashton Alston, J. G. Christie and many others.

It is difficult for modern travellers to visualize the labour involved in a relatively short journey of some three hundred and fifty miles by canoe and portage from Rupert's House on James Bay to the interior trading post of Mistassinni, two hundred and thirty

air miles away. There are some fifty portages on this route. On one long portage, the loaded freight canoes spend three days relaying canoes and cargo to the upper end of the portage. All of this is well portrayed in *By Water and the Word*, and one cannot but regret that the good bishop did not himself write a book of his travels.—*J. W. A.*

BY PADDLE AND SADDLE, by Olive Knox. Macmillans, Toronto, 1943. 270 pages.

BY presenting a story of early Canada through the eyes of a young Scot, Andrew McIntyre, Mrs. Olive Knox of Winnipeg has written a first rate 'teen-aged novel. Young McIntyre accompanies Sir George Simpson on his tour around the world. *By Paddle and Saddle* concerns the Atlantic crossing and Canadian parts of the trip.

The party sails from Liverpool, landing at Boston and travelling overland to Lachine, Quebec. With the mail brigade and Indian and French voyageurs, they journey by canoe up the old trade route through Lake Nipissing, and over Huron and Superior to Fort William. From the head of the lakes, they pass by canoe to the Lake of the Woods and Rat Portage, and down the Winnipeg River to Fort Alexander near Lake Winnipeg.

After a trip to Pembina, Andrew continues the trip across the plains to Edmonton by saddle. There is an exciting buffalo hunt, in which he saves the life of one of the guides and makes his first kill. Later, he has a hand-to-hand tangle with a mad wolf which had been terrorizing an Indian village.

Passing through the Canadian Rockies, the members of the Simpson party are the first group of whites to attempt a new route, known only to Indians. From Fort Vancouver they travel to Fort Nisqually and up the Pacific coast to Sitka on the historic little steamboat *Beaver*.

Mrs. Knox's book is ideal for young readers. Its background of documentary fact combined with the thrilling experiences of a young boy make it good reading. By telling the story in an interesting and informative manner, such writers as Mrs. Knox make an important contribution to a subject about which most Canadians should know more.—*D.S.M.*

ADVENTURERS OF ENGLAND ON HUDSON BAY, by Aileen Garland. Illustrated. Toronto, Copp Clark, 1943. 36 pages.

ONE of a group of Canadian Social Studies Unit Readers, this little book tells the school child about some of the more interesting aspects—from his point of view—of H B C history. Beginning with Radisson's adventurous boyhood, it deals with the foundation of the Company, the charter, the trading posts, Henry Kelsey, the method of trading with the Indians, life at a fort, contacts with the natives, and so on, bringing the story up to date at the end with the Company of to-day.

As Miss Garland is principal of the William Whyte school, Winnipeg, she knows how to write for school children. Moreover, the information she imparts is reliable. This reviewer has noticed only a very few errors, and they are slight ones. York Factory retains its old name. Ballantyne's name was Robert. The full title of the Hudson's Bay Company includes the word "Governor." York boats and scows were not too heavy to haul across the portages.

The book is profusely illustrated with crayon drawings.—*C.P.W.*

London Letter

October 7 to January 10

We are sure that all members of the Company's staff, wherever situated, join with us in offering heartiest congratulations to the Governor on the honour of knighthood conferred upon him in the New Year's honours list in connection with the great services he has rendered to the State.

Lieut. E. G. Le G. Berry, R.N.V.R., commanding H.M.S. *Sapphire*, a pre-war member of the fur warehouse staff, has been awarded the D.S.C. and Captain W. R. Rudd, of the Black Watch (fur warehouse office staff), the M.C., for gallant and distinguished services.

Recent visitors to our Archives Department have included Lieut. John H. Martin, of the U.S. army, a member of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, and Major E. E. Rich, general editor of the Record Society, on brief leave from the Middle East, during which time he was able to give valuable assistance in connection with the publications of the society.

We welcomed to Beaver House recently the following members of the Canadian staff serving with the Canadian forces on this side: P.O. A. R. Jones, R.C.A.F., of Calgary store; P.O. A. D. McNaughton, R.C.A.F., of the Fur Trade; Stoker Petty Officer J. E. Symonds, R.C.N.R., of Vancouver store; W.O.2 H. E. Dube, of Baie Comeau; Private H. Dickie, Canadian Postal Headquarters, of Edmonton store; Sergt. Langner, R.C.A.F., of Edmonton store; P.O. S. A. Mackenzie, R.C.A.F., of Vernon store; Lieut. J. C. Donald, R.C.N.V.R., Fur Trade, returning to Canada; Captain D. W. McDuffee, R.C.A.S.C., of Vancouver store.

Gerald Christy, Esq., has recently presented to the Company's archives the draft biographies of Henry Hudson and Sir Thomas Button prepared by his brother, the late R. Miller Christy. The gift includes many early maps and charts which will be of great assistance in the work of the Record Society.

Fur trading activities in London continue negligible owing to wartime restrictions, the Company's fur activities at Beaver House being limited mainly to the handling and sale of some millions of home produced rabbit skins.

London has now experienced an interruption to the long lull in enemy air raids, a few bombers coming over almost nightly on what the Germans describe as "nuisance raids," but little damage is done. We continue to be fortunate as regards our buildings in the City.

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ARCTIC RESCUE or TOBACCO for the FUR TRADE

Men of the North will tell you that time passes quickly up there.

But when a man has to wait two long years for his favourite smoke—that's different.

No wonder our friend is welcoming that big red package with open arms. Renowned for its excellence, its delicious aroma, and complete satisfaction, IMPERIAL MIXTURE is "Canada's Most Famous Tobacco."

But YOU don't have to depend on parachute delivery, because you can obtain Imperial Mixture, both Mild and Regular, from your local tobacconist.

P.S.—Penguins and signposts may not belong in the Arctic, but Imperial Mixture belongs anywhere.

MOTHER of MERCY

Throughout the world, wherever stalks the spectre of peril, pain or destitution, there too goes the great World Mother . . . The Red Cross.

Men torn in battle, civilians ravaged by bomb and fire, little ones orphaned and homeless . . . whole peoples scourged by hunger and pestilence . . . never have so many suffered so much.

As war intensifies, the cry for help grows sharper, more demanding.

YOUR Red Cross, part of this world-encompassing Motherhood of Mercy, again appeals to YOU for support in this hour of widening need. Give generously.

HELP YOUR RED CROSS